THE LIVING AGE

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AROUND THE WORLD

ALTHOUGH most people may be hastening to forget the Sacco-Vanzetti Case by the time these lines reach our readers, it will always remain a conspicuous example of a certain community of sentiment among nations peculiar to the present age, as well as an illustration of scientific agitatory tactics. It had two distinct phases — moral reprobation of America welcomed as a relief from our rather tiresome preachments to Europe during and following the war, and a class-conflict phase which constituted a local problem in Europe itself. Certainly never during the last seven years has the press opinion of foreign countries been so united as in this matter. Not a single comment approving the execution has reached our desk from abroad. To be sure, criticism of the case was suppressed or 'soft-pedaled' by censors in one or two countries either for a time or permanently. Furthermore, many of the facts were grossly misrepresented, and invariably to the detriment of America, in the telegraphic dispatches. We make no apology for devoting considerable space to this subject, for it is immeasurably the most interesting phenomenon of the foreign mind which we have to record. In England, even the Tory *Morning Post* concludes a leader on the subject with the statement: 'It is not the accused, but the judicial system of America that stands on trial.' The London *Outlook*, which seldom swings across the middle from the Right in discussing such subjects, declared that 'from a long point of view, it would seem that the exercise of mercy would have furthered the ends of justice. Governor Fuller is doubtless within his legal rights in sending these men to the electric chair, but what is lawful is not always expedient. Probably the Germans, from a purely technical and legal point of view, were justified in executing Nurse Cavell, but the instinct of mankind justly rebelled against this harsh sentence. Respect for the law has never been a strong point with Americans; the Sacco and Vanzetti case has done much further to undermine their faith in it.' Æ, who is consistently friendly to America, wrote in the *New Statesman*, with a poet's real cry of anguish: 'We cannot say whether these two men were innocent or guilty in spite of the many trials and investiga-

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tions and appeals. But what fills us with horror is the long-drawn-out agony which these men, guilty or innocent, must have suffered through six years, during which they must in imagination have died many times. It is hardly possible to imagine any moral torture so terrible as this continuously prolonged indecision over a death sentence. If they were guilty they must have suffered more intensely than any criminal whose trial was swift and whose death at the chair or by the rope followed swiftly upon his sentence. Who would not have death at once, innocent or guilty, rather than that prolonged agony of hope and despair alternately? Even though the Governor, after personal investigation, believed the men to be guilty, that long-drawn-out agony spread over so many years, a greater suffering than the law ever contemplated for any prisoner however guilty, ought to be taken into account, and a sentence of imprisonment substituted for the death penalty. Better the swift justice to be dealt by our special courts than to suffer the torture of investigation after investigation, delays in execution of sentence spread over so many years. Horrible! Inhuman!'

The only extenuatory comment we have found is in the *Westminster Gazette*, which cautions British readers to 'remember that the "melting-pot" character of social and industrial life in the United States still leaves many rough edges to the administration of justice, and that so long as America is willing to absorb so many mixed, and sometimes incendiary, elements into her population we are not always in a position to make fair comparisons between her methods and motives and ours. In short, it is a long way from London to Massachusetts.' And the following passage from the editorial department of the *Nation and Athenæum*, which has already been widely circulated in America: 'What is peculiar about the Sacco and Vanzetti affair, what has given this case its world-wide renown and distinguishes it from our own Oscar Slater case [in England] or the almost routine miscarriages of justice in Italy or Russia, is entirely creditable to the United States. It is the passion for justice and the amazing dauntlessness in the pursuit of justice of that body of American citizens who have taken up the case for the defense. But for the efforts of these men, most of whom have no sympathy whatever with the opinions of the convicted men, Sacco and Vanzetti would have been executed long ago, and neither Mr. A. J. Cook nor Signor Mussolini would have heard of them. The force which has kept them alive so far and may, we hope, still secure their release is a force which a Communist normally sneers at as "bourgeois ideology," and a Fascist sneers at as decadent Liberal ideology. The conviction of Sacco and Vanzetti may be, as we think it is, a grave reflection on the capacity of the average man to do justice when he is under the influence of strong political passion. But the stir which the case has caused will be to the lasting honor of the American people.'

We could quote far beyond the limits of our space from the Continental press, but the following from *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, a liberal but by no means a radical Vienna daily, fairly represents the burden of European opinion: —

'Innocent people have been executed in every country. Since all human institutions are imperfect, miscarriages of justice will occur. But it is never necessary to keep a condemned man for six years in uncertainty as to his fate. For that there is no extenuation or excuse, since human error does not come into play. Our code of criminal

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procedure requires a sentence "to be executed immediately." Every civilized state in Europe has the same provision in its laws. They all recognize the principle that a delay of punishment, especially of the death punishment, represents an addition to that punishment. If Sacco and Vanzetti are executed they will not only pay the penalty imposed upon them by dying in the electric chair, but they will pay an additional penalty of six years' exquisite torture. That additional penalty is not authorized by law. . . . This brings us to the question, What kind of government is it which permits such things? When the Entente states set up tribunals in different suburbs of Paris to judge us, they proclaimed to the world that we were barbarians. They based their peace treaties upon this assumption. Atrocities were committed during the war; they were committed by both parties. But they have this extenuation — that all political machinery goes awry in war time and the psychology of nations is abnormal. In normal times we so-called barbarian countries have never had a Sacco-Vanzetti case. This properly raises the question, Who are the real barbarians? . . . This trial pours a flood of light upon the America of to-day. The penalty itself and its execution are less important to us as legal facts than as symptoms of race psychology. . . . The fate of these two men is not only a deplorable human tragedy, but it is a register of American culture. What kind of system of justice can a nation have where such things can occur? What must the mentality of a nation be which permits such a system of justice? These are questions already answered.'

Henry de Jouvenel, prominent Radical politician, former Governor of Syria, and editor of *Matin*, resigned his appointment as a member of the French delegation to the League Assembly this year because France refrained to submit to the League international questions which only the League, in his opinion, was entitled to consider. In other words, little, and more or less secret, conferences of foreign ministers and delegates have usurped the functions of the Geneva body. This strikes at the heart of the whole Locarno and Thoiry policy. Naturally M. Briand came back with an eloquent and appealing letter, in which he argues that it is altogether desirable for governments to settle their troubles with each other between themselves, and as quietly and directly as possible, without referring them to a larger international organization, whenever it is possible to reach an agreement by this simpler method. Pertinax declared: 'Neither M. Briand nor M. de Jouvenel said all they thought. M. Briand knows perfectly well that what will count henceforth will not be meetings of the League Council and Assembly, but the deliberations of the six European Powers — the European Council. It is in those conferences that all the problems which Great Powers dare to discuss, such as our relations with Germany, the relations of Europe with Soviet Russia, are debated. There are still other problems, like that of Albania, which they dare not discuss even in such a restricted circle.' J. A. Spender, who will hardly be accused of being unfriendly to the League, likewise finds M. Briand in the right: 'Many institutions are in danger of cultivating their prestige at the expense of their usefulness. This, indeed, is one of the chief institutional vices, and one which the League, more than most institutions, should endeavor to avoid. Let us freely acknowledge that it is a new thing which cannot all at once be invested

The League and Locarno

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with an authority which would enable it to dictate to powerful governments and override the immemorial traditions of diplomacy. We agree with M. Briand that it does right not to intervene in disputes which the governments concerned can settle for themselves, and to show a certain prudence about accepting tasks which may be too much for it. With careful steering in its early days it may reasonably hope to gain an influence which no disturber of the peace will be able to defy, but this must be the work of time, and nothing at this stage would be more dangerous to it than to develop the kind of jealousy which M. de Jouvenel appears to feel, about encroachments on its territory.'

He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not

Moscow may well have watched with interest the stormy sessions of the International Trade-Union Congress at its Paris meeting last month. For a time it looked as if this great gathering of conservative labor comrades would be rent asunder over the question of affiliating with the nominally unpolitical trade-unions of Russia. British labor has consistently favored this, having only a weak Communist Party to fight at home. Continental labor, which carries into its unions the animosities of the party conflict between the Social Democrats and the Communists, will have nothing to do with the excommunicated Russian brethren. The British were represented at Paris, perhaps by accident, by some unusually radical members, including Mr. Purcell, who has been president since 1924, and who in his presidential address made a direct appeal for cooperation with the Russians. 'No prides or prejudices must be permitted to stand in the way of the work of consolidating our International. International trade-union unity must take precedence over everything. Time presses. Humanity cannot wait.' How near we are to war was evidenced the other day by the murder of Voikov. We must not delay to establish firmly the only means of preventing war. How miserable are the follies which have kept ourselves and the Russian workers apart! At Vienna I tried hard to create the conditions for the unification of our forces with those of the Russians. We need the young and powerful Russian trade-union movement in our International; we need the support of our Russian comrades; we need their freshness of outlook, their boldness, vigor, and courage. It seems the most extraordinary and childishly silly thing that for three years past the Russians and we have been engaged in calling each other names, and that time and endeavor have been wasted on stupid intrigues, when the circumstances obtaining in the world have demanded the closest unity of our forces, and the most aggressive world-action of the organized proletariat.' This so angered some of the Continental delegates that Mr. Oudegeest, the Dutch secretary of the organization, resigned.

France and Germany

Political relations between France and Germany remain strained in spite of the trade agreement, and no relief seems to be in sight until the next elections in May 1928. It is to be expected that Poincaré will remain Prime Minister until that event, for he is backed by a majority of the deputies, who support him with great reluctance but do not dare to put him out of office before the polling. M. André Tardieu, one of the shrewdest politicians in France, who is generally regarded as the most promising candidate for high office in that country, proposed a new national union of the Moderates and Radicals, — a sort of Centre Party, though naturally without the Clerical affiliations of the

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corresponding group in Germany, — which would easily control a plurality if not an actual majority of the voters. But the Radicals insist upon their old policy of making no enemies on the Left, and therefore will not sacrifice their long-standing alliance with the Socialists.

Germany's flag dispute that cropped up during Mayor Walker's visit to her capital has aroused bitter feeling among a large group of her people, who feel that it is quite in order for men who have taken the oath of allegiance to the Republic and who accept its pay to display the symbol of the old régime. The *New Statesman* prints a communication from an eyewitness of the Republican celebrations in honor of the Weimar Constitution. What impressed this observer most was that the Government, many of whose members cherish monarchist sympathies, participated in the ceremonies with enthusiasm.

Rambunctious Italy

Switzerland and Italy have been engaged in a frontier controversy because the Fascist border guards insist on their right to shoot at tourists on Swiss territory who come within six hundred yards of the frontier line. Naturally the Swiss are indignant, and not only refuse to yield an inch, but also decline to station heavier guards on the frontier merely to prevent Italian officials from overstepping the bounds. Since this dispute affects Switzerland's tourist trade, as the border crosses several popular mountain-peaks, she may be expected to put up a stubborn fight. Within Italy the Fascisti continue on their way rejoicing. *Osservatore Romano*, the official organ of the Vatican, reports that five priests, all from the Udine diocese, have been arrested and face deportation. It seems that these men once belonged to Don Sturzo's Popular Catholic Party, and were therefore under suspicion. The Fascist press, eager to keep in the good graces of the Church, merely suggests that the complaint should have been lodged earlier.

The nineteenth attempted coup d'état since the establishment of the Portuguese Republic fizzled out in a miserable exhibition of target practice. Two army officers, who may or may not have been in touch with Royalist sympathizers, broke into a Cabinet meeting and at the point of their pistols tried to persuade General Carmona not to appoint the Liberal Colonel Passos Souza Vice-President. When the President refused to comply with their wishes the intruders fired two shots at him, one of which wounded the secretary of the Minister of Finance, while the other tore a hole in the suit of the Minister of Justice. The President himself rushed forward and overpowered his awkward assailants, who have now been exiled to the colonies and expelled from the service, where their marksmanship cannot be grievously missed. In spite of the absurdity of the attempt itself, the situation has aroused some anxiety. According to *Le Temps*, Portugal needs a dictator of the Primo de Rivera type, but possesses no soldier or citizen qualified to assume the job and hold it.

That Primo himself may assume some of the functions of a Portuguese dictator is hinted at by the Madrid correspondent of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*. During the Latin Press Congress held last spring and summer this observer was chiefly impressed at the lively coöperation between Spain and her little western neighbor. Not only are the two countries coming together in activities of a sporting and athletic nature, but they are also considering the adoption of a common attitude of hostility toward the forces of Bolshevism. The Spanish National Assembly will convene soon after we go to press,

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and though the House will be packed with picked delegates no one can be quite sure what will happen. Even the most fervent admirer of the present Government may start an opposition party merely for the pleasure of being able to talk and attract the cheers of the gallery. The delegates to this Assembly will include editors, writers, scientists, and merchants.

More immediately important from the American point of view than the shifting of scenes of the Chinese stage proper is the international game that is being played in front of the footlights. After Washington refused to join Great Britain in an aggressive policy against China after the troubles in the Yangtze Valley, England is supposed to have turned to Japan for moral and material support. A deal was made by which one Briton was dropped from the Shanghai Municipal Council and a Japanese added in his place. A Japanese was appointed to the next-highest official post to that of the British Inspector-General in the customs administration. Last of all, Japan's military expedition to Shantung, which has all the earmarks of the first step in a permanent reoccupation of that province, could hardly, it is assumed, have occurred without a previous understanding with the English. Thus we are told by some alarmists that at least the Anglo-Japanese alliance has been renewed so far as China is concerned, and that all the ground gained by the Washington Conference in that part of the world has been lost.

Some of the inconsistencies in the attitude of foreign residents toward the Chinese are suggested by two articles which appeared in the same issue of the Shanghai *Times*. The first dealt with the refusal of the Chinese merchants to pay increased local taxes, which had been imposed 'without representation,' since they had no voice in the government which levied them, and it announced that thirty-nine Chinese shops would be closed that day unless the tax was paid. The second article dealt with the new additions to the customs duties imposed by the Nanking Government, and announced that the British merchants would refuse to pay them.

Latin America

During the sessions of the University of Mexico Summer School, which is now attended by many American students desirous of perfecting themselves in Spanish and becoming more intimately conversant with Latin American affairs, a series of conferences was held to discuss the relations of the two republics. *El Universal*, in commenting upon these meetings, believes they missed some of the causes of the friction by overstressing the obvious — ethnic and cultural differences, economic pressure, and the like. It is inclined to consider imperialism a fact of 'national biology' and resistance to impersonal economic forces as futile as resistance to the law of gravity. 'American imperialism is a fatal product of economic evolution. It is useless trying to persuade our Northern neighbors not to be imperialists; they cannot keep from being so, no matter how excellent their intentions.' It advises its fellow countrymen to recognize this truth and to shape their policies accordingly. 'Let us study these natural laws, in the hope of finding some method by which, instead of blindly opposing them, we can mitigate their action and turn it to our advantage.'

Henry de Jouvenel's paper, *Le Matin*, takes some pleasure in prophesying success for the Thirteenth International Commercial Conference that opened at Rio de Janeiro on the fifth of September. Charles Dumont, president of the French delegation to this Congress, remarked: 'Brazil has deserted the League of Nations, but from

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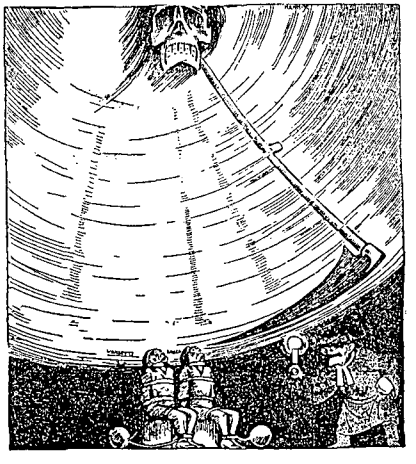
the third to the tenth of September there will be more nations represented at Rio de Janeiro than at Geneva. Thirty groups from Europe and Asia will be included, as well as delegations from Egypt and all the republics of the two Americas.'

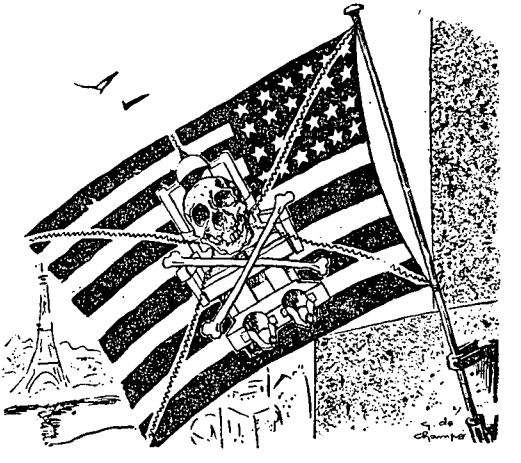
The previous conference of this sort was held in Brussels, but it is evident that M. Dumont feels that under the tender influences of distant Brazil even the Gallic business sense will be slightly blunted. He cautions his delegates not to be too much bewitched by the beauty of their surroundings, pointing out that Brazil is the only country where, 'without racial distinction or limitation of numbers, every healthy man who wants to work is received.'

In an address to the Parliament of South Australia, Mr. Butler, the Premier of that state, announced that the total debt of Australia had increased one hundred and eight million pounds since 1923, and that ninety millions of that money had been raised abroad. If Australia's exports had exceeded her imports it would be quite all right, but unfortunately this is not the case, and the country is living on borrowed capital. Harold Cox, writing in the *Sunday Times*, sizes things up this way: 'These troubles of Australia seem to be largely due to the ambitions of the Labor Party. Inspired by Socialist doctrines, Australian Labor leaders are filled with the belief that it is possible for them to secure for all manual workers, at any rate in the towns, a comfortable standard of living based upon the size of their families. To prevent that standard being lowered by the competition of immigrants, the Labor Party in Australia steadily opposes immigration. The Australian Labor Party, it may be added, includes not only manual workers, but also clerical workers and government officials.'

SACCO–VANZETTI CARTOONS



SEVEN YEARS OF MARTYRDOM
— *De Notenkraker*, Amsterdam



THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER
— *L'Humanité*, Paris

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BUSINESS ABROAD

Financial Giants at Grips?

PERHAPS it is because the world still prefers fighting to working, and perhaps it is because the real drama of cosmopolitan 'economic life,' to use a Russian term, is best represented by struggle, but the alleged conflict between American and British petroleum interests continues to be the front-page business story across the Atlantic. In this connection, Germany regards the agreement just announced between the I. G. Farbenindustrie, its great chemical trust, which is already allied with the British dyes combination, and the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey as a great, and perhaps Machiavellian, achievement. This accord centres around the newly discovered processes owned by the German company for making synthetic gasoline and other petroleum products from coal, but additional important rights are embraced in the arrangement, which provides for 'a free exchange of patents between the two concerns.' Negotiations for this object have been going on for some time, but until the recent alleged hostilities between Shells and Standard over Russian oil the Americans were not overanxious to tie themselves up with the German company. Now, either because the latter has more to offer or because the color of the international map has changed, a bargain, we are told, has been struck. Among other things, Standard acquires rights in the newly invented fertilizer, nitrophoska, which some enthusiasts predict will greatly increase the number of idle urbanites one toiling farmer can feed. Another is a newly perfected tanning process using charcoal, which is to give the world cheaper and better shoes. Then there is a new malaria cure, and, last of all, the newest discovery of Germany's chemical wizards, glykos, which is a substitute for glycerine. Notable improvements in the processes of refining petroleum, increasing even the present high percentage of gasoline recovered, are also supposed to be included in this interchange. According to the German press, the British are highly indignant over this contract, not only because Standard Oil is regarded as the great rival of the English petroleum industry, but because existing agreements between the British Dyes Trust and the German Dyes Trust were interpreted by the British in a peculiar manner. 'English business has had the strange idea that all industrial-political agreements it makes with other countries include a moral if not a specific obligation to pursue a common policy against America. The German agreement with the Standard Oil shows England what has been repeatedly explained by us before — that the Germans in their arrangements with English industrialists are not going to surrender their freedom of action and their neutrality in international business conflicts.' It is difficult, however, to find much support for this idea in the British press, although it may be justified to some extent by private comment. Even the fight between the Rockefeller and Deterding interests over Soviet oil, which is giving so much joy to sensation-mongers on the Continent, moves an independent journal like the *Outlook* to comment as follows: —

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'In point of fact, however, the Royal Dutch was the first of the companies to break the united front against Russian oil. Directly or through subsidiaries, it bought "stolen goods" from 1922–1923 onward. The Standard followed a few years after the Royal Dutch started. In 1925 both groups took a quantity of Russian oil together, partly for the British market — and why not? Both the British Government and the American authorities regard business in Russian oil as legitimate. Why should oil companies be more discriminating? The point is simply that the various companies have been trying to do each other in the eye. The loser then explains his defeat in terms of morality, and goes through a series of mental acrobatics attempting to distinguish between "stolen" oil and respectable oil. The real truth is that oil companies buy and sell oil when and where it is profitable to do so. Each group has properties in Russia which it hopes to get back; each group hopes to gain the dominant position in the Russian market, partly at the expense of the other. That is all there is to it. The sordid intrigue and competition is a grim enough business; the attempt to explain it in terms of morality and ethics is sheer hypocrisy. It is indecent and disgusting.'

Indeed, some European trouble-finders magnify the rivalry of these two corporations into a general economic conflict between ourselves and the English, involving the rivalry of Wall Street and the 'City' for the world's financial hegemony and the fight of the industrialists in both countries for overseas markets. In this connection, one Berlin paper publishes the following trade figures to explain the stress that England is now laying upon Empire trade. The American percentages are certainly not imposing, but their steady growth since the war is said to worry British exporters.

Percentage of imports from	England		United States	
	1913	1925	1913	1925
India	64.2	52.3	2.6	6.1
Australia	51.8	43.9	13.7	24.6
New Zealand	59.7	52.0	9.5	16.4
Egypt	30.5	25.2	1.9	3.6
South Africa	56.8	50.0	8.9	14.7

Simultaneously, however, evidences of close coöperation between American and British finance multiply. New York's reduction of the bank rate from 4 per cent to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent early in August was greeted by British industry as a friendly act likely to terminate the movement of gold away from London and to lessen the likelihood of a rise in the bank rate and possible money and credit stringency there. The *Nation and Athenæum* attributed our action to the interchange of views that occurred during the recent international bankers' conference in New York.

British Business

Supplementing the *Economist's* summary of British business during the first half of the year, which we printed in our last issue, is the following extract from a similar review published a little later in the *Statist:* —

'As regards the more immediate outlook, there are undoubted signs of recovery in a number of our leading industries; the remainder of the year bids fair to be a more prosperous period than the first few months of 1927. The record of the existing position is on the whole one of depression, and, though some improvement is to be looked for, even the most sanguine cannot hope for a recovery great enough to provide work for all our unemployed. Nothing short of an all-round boom could effect that.'

At the Liberal Summer School at

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Cambridge last summer Mr. J. M. Keynes presented an interesting survey of the present distribution of capital in Great Britain between public, semi-public, and private enterprise. Among other challenging statements was the following: 'Two-thirds of the typical large-scale enterprise of this country has already been removed out of the category of pure private enterprise.' In other words, two-thirds of the capital of British investors in domestic concerns is in railways and other public-service corporations, building societies, coöperative societies, and the like, which are under official supervision and to some extent subject to public control in respect to rates and income.

Britain's new beet-sugar factories, whose prosperity under the Government subsidy we recently reported, find English farmers as determined as those of our own country to get the largest possible slice of any prosperity that comes to the industry, in the shape of a better price for their beets. The factories have offered 45 shillings, or about $11, a ton, with increments for a sugar content exceeding 15½ per cent; but the farmers' representatives want 50 shillings, or $12.50, a ton, and a larger increment for a higher sugar content. At present the parties are deadlocked over the issue. After several years' acute depression notwithstanding a protective tariff of 33⅓ per cent ad valorem, the British automobile industry is again on a dividend-earning basis. About 12 per cent of the cars made in Great Britain are exported, and American passenger cars have been virtually excluded from the market. The Ford Company, however, still supplies nearly two thirds of the delivery wagons and light trucks used in Great Britain. The sharp rise in American cotton prices last month was followed by a decision of the Lancashire master spinners to close their mills for an extra week during the holiday season, which means temporarily increased unemployment in that district. Discussions of rubber restriction are just now under the influence of reports that the production of existing trees can be doubled by bud grafting. This prospect, plus the success attained by America in reclaiming used rubber, threatens to overcloud the present cheerful outlook. To-day, were no restriction enforced, the world's output could easily reach 700,000 tons per annum, with 1,000,000 tons in sight within a comparatively few years.

A proposal of considerable interest to ocean passengers was advanced toward realization at the Amsterdam meeting of the Comité Maritime International last month. In substance, shipowners want the governments of all countries to enact laws relieving them of liability for the personal injury or death of passengers. In return, passengers are to be compulsorily insured. This would benefit the latter in case of a big disaster, where the special limitation of liability enjoyed by the shipowner now prevents their recovering more than a minimum sum. On the other hand, it would estop big claims by minor sufferers.

France

France finds consolation for the fact that business readjustment to stable currency conditions is taking longer than anticipated in the discovery that the stimulus depreciation gave to foreign trade has also carried over beyond expectation. During the first half of 1927 pig-iron production increased over the corresponding period for last year, and, though the steel output declined slightly, exports of both pig iron and steel expanded. France is selling steel abroad, however, at lower prices than to her domestic consumers. Home prices are softening, railway traffic has declined, and gross railway earnings

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are falling below those of last year despite recent increases in passenger and freight rates. Early August returns of the Bank of France revealed for the first time a reversal of the current that has been carrying money into the country since Poincaré took office, resulting in an outflow of nearly 800 million francs. It is rumored that the Government is not at all sorry to see an end to the influx of outside capital, which has made short-term money so cheap as to threaten sound business.

Germany

At present writing we have no responsible comment from the countries immediately affected regarding the terms and the probable effect of the commercial treaty just concluded between France and Germany, but it is unquestionably an achievement of first importance for political as well as industrial reasons. Conservative business opinion in Germany disapproves of the extensive foreign borrowing which has followed last spring's stock-exchange crisis. *Börsenzeitung* recently warned its readers that German trade is 'in a very dangerous position,' and believes the country has employed foreign credits 'to expand domestic trading beyond normal demand,' and that 'a collapse is the more likely because of the heavy interest charges that must be paid abroad.' On the whole, however, business sentiment is optimistic, and a few recent disasters to long-established firms are attributed to exceptional causes. For example, the insolvency of the largest timber company in South Germany, the Himmelsbach Corporation of Freiburg, calls attention to the pernicious effect of political propaganda upon private enterprise. The two principal reasons for the failure of this company, which only three years ago disposed of a capital of several million plus large reserves, are the heavy losses resulting from its participation, under official pressure, in the Mologa Concession in Soviet Russia, whose collapse we reported not long since, and the boycott enforced against it by the forestry administrations of several German states, because it cut German timber on French account during the Ruhr embargo.

Scandinavia

Sweden's iron and steel industry is suffering from German, French, and Belgian dumping. Imports have increased 50 per cent since 1913 without a corresponding expansion of the consuming market. As a result nearly two thirds of the country's iron and steel furnaces are idle. Norway is passing through a deflation crisis, the gold value of the crown being nearly double to-day what it was three years ago. As a result unemployment has increased and the cost of living is out of proportion to wages. On the other hand, the country is importing less and the unfavorable trade balance has been reduced by fully one half. Deflation has worked considerable hardship upon the borrowing classes, the nation's actual debt burden having increased, according to some estimates, by at least a billion gold crowns as a consequence of the restoration of the currency.

Russia and the Russians

Westerners will probably view with some skepticism surveys of their economic condition by Soviet authorities, but the last quarterly report of Professor Eugene Varga, Moscow's expert upon business conditions in Western Europe, presents some interesting conclusions drawn from easily verifiable statistics. He notes that Germany is the only European country of industrial rank that has attained a high degree of prosperity since restoring its currency to a pre-war basis. France and England are farther behind

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on the same road, but prospects for a continued betterment in England are not good, on account of such weak spots as coal mining in her economic structure. Italy is still in the first stages of recovery. Indeed, she has only begun to manufacture. 'What justification have we for speaking of the industrialization of a country when its annual plant additions, including replacements, have fluctuated during the last four years only between 12 and 30 million dollars?' The number of registered unemployed continues to increase in Russia, and now approaches 1,300,000, notwithstanding the fact that factories and official institutions have nearly a million more people on their pay rolls than a year ago. This is ascribed by Soviet statisticians to 'agricultural overpopulation' — which is another way of saying that the price of farm produce is so low, relatively to the price of manufactured articles, that the peasants are deserting their fields and villages for the towns. Crop prospects, which were poor in the spring, with a likelihood of a shrinkage of nearly one fourth as compared with last year, have improved with the progress of the season, and it is now announced that this year's harvest will be at least equal to the very satisfactory harvest of 1926.

A report that Czechoslovakia proposed to enter into a customs union with Austria, although promptly denied by Dr. Beneš, is greeted by the German press as indicating progress toward exceptionally close commercial relations among the Succession States. The Government of Czechoslovakia has removed — or at least lowered — one of the obstacles to better business with Germany by liberalizing her hide-export regulations. Prague has recently felt a shortage of ready cash, which has resulted in raising the bank-note circulation to over seven billion crowns.

Rumania reports a decrease of about one fifth in the grain crop this year, but the quality is better and prices are higher, so that its value in the export market will be about the same as in 1926. Oil production mounted last year to 2,313,000 metric tons, which is nearly one fourth more than the highest figure before the war.

Some Debt Settlements

Two international debt settlements were reported last month. Yugoslavia, the last of the Allies to fund her war obligations to Britain, agreed to repay something over 25 million pounds, which she owes to the latter country, in sixty-two annuities, beginning at the rate of £150,000 per annum and increasing to £600,000 per annum in 1942. In addition she has arranged to pay her 'Relief Debt,' which amounts to over two million pounds. Almost simultaneously Turkey compounded her pre-war debt with her creditors, which she will settle by gradually increasing annuities beginning at less than two million Turkish pounds and reaching at their maximum 3.4 million Turkish pounds. She has pledged for the payment of these sums the customs revenues of Constantinople and several other ports. This agreement, however, must still be ratified by the Turkish Assembly. In both cases the debtor governments were stimulated to action by a desire to reëstablish their credit in the international money market in order to arrange for new loans.

Dr. Millspaugh Resigns

Dr. Millspaugh, Persia's Yankee financial dictator, has resigned office after for five years efficiently administering the country's finances. His powers were extraordinary, for no checks drawn by the Government on the Imperial Bank could be honored unless they bore his countersignature, and he virtually had final say in the construction of the Budget and

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borrowing abroad. He retires leaving most of his American coadjutors in their posts, with the Government solvent and apparently able to carry on under a less mandatory system. The London *Statist* thus generously acknowledges the value of his services: 'The financial administration was a bold experiment devised to meet a critical situation. It succeeded admirably. The need for financial autocracy has passed, but this fact is indeed the greatest compliment that could be paid to Dr. Millspaugh.'

Australia

The recent floating of Australian loans in America lends interest to a plan agreed upon at a conference of Commonwealth and state premiers last summer by which the Commonwealth will take over existing state debts and future borrowings will be managed by a central council consisting of one representative of each state and one of the Federal Government. The aggregate debt of the Commonwealth and the states is about five billion dollars, most of which is owed by the local bodies. Australia's state industries have had a checkered career. New South Wales numbers among her abandoned enterprises sawmills and lumberyards upon which she lost in the aggregate nearly two million dollars, a power station which cost the taxpayers between $100,000 and $200,000, and a public fish-trawling department brings the total deficit between 3½ and 4 million dollars. On the other hand, the Government's brickyards, quarries, concrete plants, and several purely distributive undertakings, show credit balances.

China and Japan

A large native firm known as the European Trading Corporation has failed at Tientsin with liabilities of more than five million dollars silver on account of heavy losses on exports and the high interest it has been forced to pay on borrowed capital during the recent unsettled conditions.

At last reports the financial muddle in Japan following the Suzuki and Kawasaki insolvencies still clogs business recovery. Meanwhile people are becoming increasingly restive over the use of public money to salvage embarrassed private enterprises. It is hardly to be expected, however, that the recent unfortunate experiences will end at once the paternalism inherited from the old feudal régime that induces the authorities to interest themselves directly in every important business man's affairs. The stabilization of the price of rice, which has recently slumped, is under consideration, although the Government does not contemplate heavy purchases immediately. It proposes, however, to increase duties on wheat and wheat flour, importations of which are increasing rapidly. Furthermore, the Imperial Ministry of Commerce and Industry plans to use 45 million yen, or 22½ million dollars, over a burden of fifteen years to encourage industries considered important for national economy and defense, and advises exempting such favored firms from taxation. Among the groups of manufactures selected for this bounty are the chemical industries, machine shops, — including producers of turbines and electric generators, — and woolen mills.

A Japanese syndicate consisting chiefly of cotton-mill magnates has taken measures to organize a company with a capital equivalent to twenty million dollars in American currency to develop a huge cotton plantation on a concession granted by the Brazilian Government near the mouth of the Amazon. The land is at present covered by a heavy forest, and therefore the Company's first operation will be to erect a large sawmill and export

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lumber to Europe. Following the precedent of other big business undertakings, it has approached the Government for a subsidy. A huge merger of Japanese spinning interests in China is also announced, with a capital of fifty million dollars gold. The new combine will embrace some fifteen Japanese mills in Shanghai and vicinity, and one of its principal purposes will be to present a united front to the labor element. If the initial enterprise succeeds, the inclusion of the Japanese mills around Tsingtau is contemplated. Meanwhile the anti-Japanese boycott is spreading and tightening in China, and applies not only to merchandise imported from that country but also to the products of Japanese-owned factories in China proper. The latter embrace at present 45 cotton mills, producing 40 per cent of the yarn and 50 per cent of the gray sheeting made in the country. As a result of the boycott demand has fallen off, so that these establishments have had to go on short time, and the price of local Japanese yarn has dropped from 4 to 10 taels a bale below that of Chinese yarn.

Latin America

President Leguia's Administration in Peru may not be a model from a democratic standpoint, but it is probably doing more for the industrial development of the country than any of its predecessors. Up to the present it has built about 3000 miles of new highway — hardly up to the best European and American standard, to be sure, but sufficiently good for motor traffic. Extensive municipal improvements in Lima and vicinity are rapidly converting the capital into a modern metropolis, with ten miles of beautiful garden-city suburbs extending to a fashionable coast resort.

Conditions in the Chilean nitrate industry are steadily getting worse. The earnings of one company, the Lautaro, have declined within a year from over five million dollars to less than half a million dollars. The new Guggenheim process, which promises great economies in extraction, is the only hopeful sign on the horizon. Although the consumption of nitrogen, especially for fertilizers, is increasing, the extra demand is more than satisfied by the synthetic industry, and the natural nitrates of Chile, which formerly supplied the bulk of the world's requirements, now furnish only a little more than one fifth of the annual consumption. A decrease of 30 per cent in the gross revenues and of 52 per cent in the net revenues of the Nitrate Railways in 1926, followed by an even larger percentage in 1927, is another index of the depression. The Antofagasta Railway, another line serving Northern Chile, though it also carries minerals and handles a considerable share of the business between the Pacific and Bolivia, likewise reports a falling off of about one and one-half million dollars in its gross receipts. It is still able, however, to maintain its dividend of 7 per cent.

The cane-sugar planters of Tecuman, Argentina's principal sugar province, have been fighting a strike, which has been accompanied by serious disorders and threatens to assume a semipolitical character. While there are only about 5000 of the strikers, more than 30,000 men assembled at the capital of the province to assist them in demonstrating against their employers. That particular affair passed off peacefully, but out in the country property has been destroyed, one unpopular proprietor has been kidnapped, and trains have been stopped and searched by the insurgent laborers in a vain attempt to capture others of their enemies.

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AMERICA IN FOREIGN EYES

OBSERVATIONS FROM THE SANCTUM

AMERICA IN CHINA[1]

PEOPLE here are amazed that England should have imagined last spring that she could persuade the United States to join her in military action against China. It is true that Americans suffered as much as the British during the bloody atrocities at Nanking last month. It is also true that a majority of the American merchants and many American missionaries in China were so horrified by these outrages and so indignant at the 'ingratitude' of the Chinese that they advocated a policy of intervention. But that merely proves that, although the Yankees are great assimilators of races in America, they acquire the same mentality as Europeans if they live long enough in the Far East. What will the fulminations of a few chambers of commerce or the outbursts of a testy admiral weigh against the historical and economic realities that make American policy utterly different from British policy in the Orient?

England possesses territories in China — some by sovereign title, others on long leases. She holds six flourishing concessions there without counting Shanghai or Hankow, which is not flourishing and is no longer in her hands. She also owns railways. Altogether her investments in China amount to more than one billion dollars gold.

On the other hand, the United States controls no Chinese territories or concessions. Its only interests in the country are moral. Nevertheless, as Sieyès said of the third estate, it aspires to become the whole thing. In other words, Britain's position in China is static, that of America is dynamic. It is hard to conceive two positions more antithetical or potentially more dangerous in international politics.

Evidently the great American democracy can unite, virtually without a dissenting voice, upon a general policy which has a certain degree of grandeur and horizon; but it bases that policy upon notions and impressions which are practically without exception erroneous. The average American, believing himself the ideal republican, lavishes his benevolent sympathy on the Chinese. With an upsurge of foggy good will in his heart he says: 'After all, what are these Chinamen doing but following our example? They're fighting for independence and a republic just as we fought for our freedom one hundred and fifty years ago.'

Americans also imagine that they are liked in China and that their Government is popular there, while that is by no means certain. The Chinese may get a notion that one foreign Power is more friendly to their country than another foreign Power, and they will try to make the most of this friendship. But their instinctive aversion for our Western ways of thinking and acting is equally strong whether these are exhibited by a man from San Francisco or a man from beyond Suez.

[1] By 'Sforza' (Peking) in *Journal des Débats* (Paris Conservative daily), *July* 26

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Americans likewise fancy that the Chinese feel grateful to them for giving back the Boxer Indemnity. Not at all. The Chinese have quite the opposite feeling at being compelled every three or six months to pay lip thanks to their benevolent benefactor when they go to the Legation to receive his big check. Anyone who is surprised at this does n't know the Chinese, and certainly has never discussed the subject with the American commissioners who administer the Boxer fund. The Chinaman says at the bottom of his heart: 'This is my money, of which these Yankees robbed me, and part of which they are now giving back to me.'

A list of American illusions about China might be extended indefinitely. But the main thing is that in some paradoxical way a synthesis of all these errors becomes a wise political policy, looking far ahead to the time when the Pacific will be the world's greatest business highway, when Europe will be even more impoverished than she is to-day, and when America will have a free field in the globe's richest market.

I might quote apropos of America's policy in China a formula of Saint Thomas Aquinas, who pauses in his *Summa* to consider briefly 'the rational consequences of irrational motives.' Anyway, the result is there. One of the surest axioms in foreign politics is that we cannot hereafter conceive the United States as joining, the way it did in 1900, in a military raid upon China.

CATHOLICISM AND POLITICS IN AMERICA [2]

'If religious freedom has been accepted and sworn to as a fundamental law in a Constitution, the obligation to show this tolerance is binding in conscience.' — Father Pohle.

[2] From *L'Europe Nouvelle* (Paris Liberal foreign-affairs weekly), *July* 16

Governor Smith's letter has been abundantly commented upon by the American press, usually with approval. But it is far from having produced its full effect. . . . This profession of faith is, in fact, of capital importance, not so much because its writer is likely to be a candidate for the presidency of the United States as because it defines with perfect clearness the doctrine of twenty million American Catholics as to the relation of the State to the churches in general, and to the Catholic Church in particular.

That doctrine deliberately contradicts the doctrine of the Syllabus of Pius IX. It comes close in principle to the liberal Catholicism of Montalembert. Juristically it does not differ much from the doctrine upon which the famous liberties of the ancient Gallican Church were founded. Nevertheless, these ideas are universally accepted in the United States not only by the Catholic laity but also by priests and bishops. They do not seem to have invited the slightest reproof from Rome.

Possibly the reason for this remarkable situation is that American Catholics do not profess to announce a general doctrine applying to the whole Catholic Church, but are seeking only to defend and maintain their own political privileges considered as a derogation of the common law of the Church. The Holy See admits, in fact, that in cases of this kind a derogation of the common law may exist by virtue of a concordat, or of a privilege, or of immemorial custom. And it appears that the American Church, by virtue of the Constitution of the United States, possesses such a special right.

Consequently American Catholics register no objection to the fact that the Syllabus of Pius IX condemns religious freedom and the separation of Church and State, and that this condemnation

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is obligatory upon all the Catholics in the world. They merely state in principle, as something beyond dispute, that they themselves are not only exempt from this obligation but are necessarily compelled, so far as their own country is concerned, to defend the opposite thesis, and for the following reason: By virtue of the fact that they are American citizens, either by birth or by naturalization, they believe themselves obligated to obey the Constitution of the United States by a command of conscience superior to all other commands. Now the first amendment to this Constitution, adopted on September 5, 1789, says: 'Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion; or prohibit the free exercise thereof.' Therefore, religious liberty having been recognized and consecrated as a fundamental and constitutional law, that liberty has become for American Catholics an obligation imposed upon their conscience 'in the name of God,' and nothing can prevail against it, not even an order of the Pope or a decision of an Ecumenical Council.

The Gallican maxims declare in principle that the decrees of General Councils themselves cannot be published in France until the government has approved them as conforming with the laws, rights, and freedoms of the country. In the eyes of all Americans, even Catholics, such an examination and approval are not within the jurisdiction of the State, and the State must refrain from assuming such functions. But it would be useless if it were attempted; for no decree of a General Council could have any weight with the conscience of an American Catholic or effect in any way the 'pact of good faith' which Archbishop Ireland called the cement that binds together the foundation stones of the American political edifice — religious liberty, and separation of Church and State.

But in respect to mixed questions (that is, questions that involve both spiritual and temporal elements), according to theologians the Pope has power to determine his own jurisdiction — that is, the common law of the Church. Since in the United States, however, the Constitution, which is accepted and to which every citizen swears allegiance, provides a Supreme Court authorized to interpret this Constitution, it is the function of the Supreme Court to define the respective spheres of influence of Church and State. This Court has decided that it is permissible for churches to establish regulations of their own, including tribunals, to determine questions affecting the relations of members of the church within the church itself — that is, exclusively ecclesiastical issues; it being understood, of course, that these decisions shall have no effect upon the persons in question so far as their rights as American citizens are concerned.

Consequently, in America it is not the monarch or the government, as formerly was the case in France, which assumes the task of defending the National Church against encroachments violating the law of the country; it is upon the Catholic citizens of the nation that God has conferred, not by a discipline imposed from without but by the still small voice of conscience, the duty of defending against any outside authority, no matter what it may be, the Constitution which guarantees religious liberty.

It follows from this that American Catholics believe themselves emancipated from the mediæval tradition which has weighed so heavily upon the development of the Catholic Church in the Old World. They do not consider themselves parties to the Inquisition, to the immunities, to the indirect power, or to the pretension to a monopoly over education. They believe they are called

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upon to propagate Catholic doctrine in the liberty of the common law, without the favor of special statutes or the protection of the governing authorities. . . .

CENTRAL AMERICA ORGANIZES [3]

AMERICAN foreign policy lacks realism. It has idealists like Wilson and materialists like Kellogg; but where are its statesmen — men who understand that the real embraces both ideas and facts? We suppose Washington is sincerely gratified with the way things have turned out in Nicaragua. President Coolidge has complimented Colonel Stimson, and the University of Syracuse has conferred an honorary degree upon him. The White House imagines it has won its case after Admiral Latimer's victorious report.

Nevertheless, not a thing has been settled, and the situation is just as bad as ever. For the ideas of Latin America, passing from foreign office to foreign office, from newspaper to newspaper, from association to association, are shaping themselves in a new and formidable direction. In a word, a new state of mind has been created in Latin America. Washington feels reassured because its policy of prestige seems to have succeeded for the moment. Admiral Latimer has virtually disarmed the two opposing armies in Nicaragua. The Conservatives have turned over to him eleven thousand rifles, forty cannon, and three hundred machine guns. The Liberals have surrendered four thousand rifles, one cannon, and thirty machine guns. Are we to conclude from this that the soldiers of Díaz, equipped as they were from North American arsenals, were overwhelmingly better armed than their opponents, or that Sacasa's partisans have concealed a large share of their weapons? However that may be, disarmament is supposed to have occurred. The Admiral even adds that not a drop of blood has been shed [this was written before the recent fighting and the bombing of the insurgent forces by our Marines]; which is false, for there has been one bloody battle, and General Cabilla was assassinated. According to the Admiral's report, moreover, the United States has withdrawn most of its troops, leaving only fifteen hundred men in the country, and entrusting the maintenance of law and order to a Nicaraguan Civil Guard commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Beadle of the Marines. In accordance with the agreement made with Colonel Stimson, the authorities have recognized and installed Liberal alcaldes at Chinandega, León, Esteli, Nueva Segovia, Jinotega, and Bluefields. All this convinces the United States that the country is at peace. It has recalled Admiral Latimer, and is preparing to receive a visit from President Díaz, who is coming to ask a loan.

This series of events, dominated by force, seems utterly insignificant compared with the state of mind which it has produced in Central America. Señor Gustavo Guerrero, whose address at Geneva not long ago marks him as a diplomat of the first rank, has proved himself also a statesman of calibre by conducting to a successful conclusion the negotiations resulting in the Salvador Agreement, whereby Salvador, Guatemala, and Honduras have formed a triple entente. The three governments have recognized by this treaty the community and solidarity of their interests. They have bound themselves to act as a unit in all problems affecting Central America, which are to be dealt with at regular diplomatic conferences. They have refused to recognize the usurping government of Señor Díaz.

[3] Editorial in *Revue de l'Amérique Latine* (Paris American-affairs monthly), *August* 1

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Importance is added to this achievement by the fact that Señor Guerrero, who is a member of the Council of the League of Nations, has gone to Geneva to register there the Salvador Agreement, and to urge that the League give it the same recognition and protection that it does other treaties registered at its offices. Geneva would thus assume jurisdiction in Central America. After the recent emphatic statement by Señor Narvaez, Colombia's delegate to Geneva, Señor Guerrero will force the League either to confirm the hopes that several Latin American republics repose in it, or to proclaim its impotence and the worthlessness of membership in it for any government in the Western Hemisphere. Assuming, as seems likely, that Geneva will prove helpless in this case, nevertheless Señor Guerrero's action will serve a useful purpose, for it will convince the governments of Latin America that they can defend their independence only by forming a League among themselves.

What effect will the joint action of the three Central American republics, which Costa Rica has endorsed independently by refusing to recognize the Díaz government, have in other Spanish American countries? Señor Quiñones Molina, an ex-President of Salvador, is visiting the principal capitals of South America for the purpose of drawing closer the bonds between them. Inspired by the same motives, and as a result largely of Washington's mistaken policies, a Continental Alliance has been formed still further south to defend 'the national integrity of Spanish America.' Its promoters distrust both the League of Nations and the Pan-American Union. They seek to forge twenty nations into one. They would sever connection with the League, proclaim the neutrality of Latin America in all conflicts outside the continent, withdraw from the Pan-American Union, support every kindred people whose liberty or sovereignty is menaced, make Porto Rico independent, abolish the Platt Amendment and restore full sovereignty to Cuba, Haiti, and Santo Domingo, and also denounce the Treaty of 1915 between the United States and Haiti, the Treaty of 1926 between Panama and the United States, and the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty with Nicaragua. They would reorganize the international court of justice of Central America, promote a Central American Federation, prevent the transfer of any European colony in the New World to the United States, encourage a Spanish American customs and monetary union, form a triple alliance of Brazil, Argentina, and Chile as a nucleus for a larger alliance in the southern hemisphere, and a similar alliance farther north to include Mexico, Central America, and the West Indies.

This programme may be too ambitious and too precise to be carried out intact, but it is inherently just and well conceived. It summarizes the legitimate aspirations of Latin America. It is designed to promote peace. It proposes no military alliance against the United States, as some silly people imagine; on the contrary, it paves the way for permanent harmony between the two great racial areas of the Hemisphere. The idea has spread like wildfire among the intellectual élite of Argentina. Mexico has grasped at it, since she stands in the front trenches of Latin America's defensive line against the Anglo-Saxon. Argentina and Mexico have just agreed to elevate their respective legations to the rank of embassies.

Alfonso Reyes, the new Mexican Ambassador to Buenos Aires, who is one of the most distinguished citizens of his country, stated in a public interview when he passed through New York to

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his new post that he rejoiced in 'the better understanding' growing up between Spain and Spanish America. He welcomed this as of happy augury for the growing consciousness of common nationality in the Spanish-speaking republics. The present Directory at Madrid is prudently encouraging such a rapprochement.

No time should be lost in putting these ideals into practice, for time presses. The proposed Treaty of Perpetual Peace between France and the United States, for example, has elicited the following letter from the General Association of Latin American Students: —

'We learn that the Perpetual Treaty of Peace between France and the United States about to be negotiated will include an explicit recognition of the Monroe Doctrine. . . . That would involve, on the part of France, a recognition of the Monroe Doctrine in the same sense that was unfortunately given it when it was included in the Covenant of the League of Nations. That is not the Monroe Doctrine in its original meaning, but as it is interpreted by American imperialists in our day. Such a clause as is proposed, in the form in which the American Government would like to see it approved, would confirm the absolute hegemony of the United States over our continent, and we already know, thanks to sad experience, what such a hegemony means for the independence of Latin American countries. For our safety and for the honor of France, which has always been the guiding star of our race, this clause should not be approved. . . . France, which, although a Great Power, has learned by bitter experience how dangerous it is for a free country to accept the financial aid of the American 'protector,' should never permit her signature to be placed at the bottom of a treaty endorsing a doctrine that delivers twenty sister republics in Latin America bound hand and foot to the imperialism of the United States.'

These problems present themselves simultaneously to Latin America and to Europe. That is why we must view them comprehensively, in order that we may solve them in a spirit of Latin community for the future peace of the world.

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CIPHERS AND CIPHER KEYS[1]

BY A FORMER AUSTRIAN CODE OFFICER

45046, 21755, 41281. No one would gather from these three harmless groups of figures that they were related with the destiny of a great nation and might influence the course of history. Yet they were at one time, in a great crisis, a cry of distress, for the answer to which thousands of men listened eagerly with anguish in their hearts. They signified literally, 'Send help urgent.'

This is a typical cipher dispatch. Thousands upon thousands like it poured into the headquarters of the Austro-Hungarian Army during the war.

Everyone knows that governments cannot trumpet their political and military secrets to the world. Yet those secrets may be matters of vital interest to other Powers. Consequently no object in existence, perhaps, is more coveted than the cipher code of another country. It is usually a book, and, for some reason I have never been able to make out, it is almost invariably bound in either red or blue. As a rule it contains some two thousand pages, in which all conceivable and inconceivable sentences, words, and syllables are listed by the side of certain figures and in a definite order. It is a harmless-looking little volume, and yet it is watched with more care than the most dangerous explosive, or than the treasure room of a bank.

I speak from experience. Once, long before the war, my superior officer, a very jovial gentleman, handed me our cipher key to guard for a time, adding dryly: 'I take the liberty to ask you to keep your eye on this. My friend the Russian military attaché offered eighty thousand rubles for it the other day.' I had the thing eight days and eight sleepless nights. On every one of the latter I barricaded my sleeping room with all the furniture I could assemble. It was a miserable experience.

European cabinets were excited about something just then, and cipher codes were rising in price like speculative shares in a stock-exchange boom. The code in my keeping had been going up — a hundred and twenty thousand francs, eighty thousand rubles, one hundred and fifty thousand lire. Only the English were almost insultingly indifferent to its value.

Yes, that was a difficult time, but we weathered it honorably, considering the intense desire to possess our cipher key more or less covertly expressed by certain gentlemen with well-lined pockets.

One morning my superior officer summoned me long before office hours. It was midwinter, and I found the office brightly lighted when I arrived, and my Chief prancing up and down like a raging tiger.

'I must tell you at once,' he said. 'The key is stolen.'

I dropped into a chair and stared at him, appalled. 'Stolen! . . . Yes? . . . How? . . . What? . . . '

'How? What? That's not the question. The question is, how are we going

[1] From *Neues Wiener Tagblatt, Wochen-Ausgabe* (Vienna current-affairs weekly), *July 2*

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to tell the Emperor, and who's going to do it?'

The remark was pertinent. We were already in the midst of an unsavory scandal, and no one cared to bear any more bad news to His Majesty. Above all, we must keep espionage matters away from him. It was a sad situation, and all that morning we went around whispering to ourselves: 'Where's that cipher key? Who's going to tell the Emperor?'

Our investigations showed that the key had been stolen from an Army Office safe in Vienna — or shall I say exchanged? For, instead of the red cipher code, another red-bound book with blank pages looking precisely like it was found in the safe. No one knew when the change had been made. All of those who might be expected to know were so excited that they could only babble incoherently. They did n't remember a thing, and merely kept repeating that they must shoot themselves forthwith to clear their honor.

I did n't know whom to suspect. When I confessed that to my superior, however, he burst out: 'My God, the thing's simple enough. I was at the opera last night, and after that at Hopfner's. The Russian attaché was there, and was in high spirits. When we were going home, about 2 A.M., he plucked my sleeve and said with a grin, "While I'm thinking of it: a fellow offered me your cipher key this afternoon — the little red book, you know; but four hundred thousand rubles was too much."

An exciting time followed. We were half crazy with anxiety. Not until one o'clock the following morning did we get our first clue, at four o'clock a second; and by daybreak we knew all.

To make the thing clearer, let me say that we, like all other military secret-service departments, employed an army of spies, shadowers, and informers. Among the informers were many people of the highest social circles, whose names and occupations were known only to the head of the General Staff. Their pledge of secrecy was never violated. One of these gentlemen, a member of the high nobility, put us on the right track. A first lieutenant in the Headquarters Office had made the acquaintance of a young, pretty, remarkably attractive Italian 'countess,' and had often received her in his quarters. She later visited him in his office, and one day — the second day before — the safe there happened to be unlocked. In a flash the 'Countess' snatched the cipher key and put the dummy she had been carrying around with her for this purpose in its place. She then was silly enough to offer it to the Russian attaché for four hundred thousand rubles — a sum that he could n't afford to pay, and that was far above its hypothetical value to his government. Her avarice spared Austria a scandal, and saved the life of a brave officer.

We now had apparently a clear case. All we needed to do was to call the police, search the lady's house, make the necessary arrests. The remainder could be kept secret and forgotten.

Thereupon the Chief of the General Staff interfered. 'This lady,' he said, 'must be treated with great discretion, for unfortunately she happens to be the best friend of Ambassador X.' — naming the representative of a great Power. 'If you raise any scandal we'll be blamed both here and abroad — His Excellency will see to that. He has actually threatened Count T. what he will do. It will be simpler to change our whole cipher code.'

A fine situation! Naturally the Ambassador had nothing to do with the theft, but he was tremendously interested in his pretty friend. More than that, he had a proud, high-spirited, and

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strong-minded wife, and feared above all things a family scandal. What should we do? An army of secret agents and informers beleaguered the residence of the 'Countess.' Baron W. even tried to burglarize the place. All in vain. But the next day, about 11 A.M., my Chief appeared, faultlessly dressed in civilian clothing, a bouquet in his buttonhole, and a monocle in his eye. He looked like a mediatized German prince. He went out, and returned about 2 P.M. bringing the cipher code, which he slammed down upon the table. Unquestionably he had made a brilliant stroke. While I was still wondering how he had done it, he handed me a piece of paper and said: 'Hand that, I beg you, to His Excellency, and say the thing's settled.' The paper was a receipt for forty thousand crowns.

We are told that action and reaction are opposite and equal. That's the way with espionage. All espionage produces counterespionage, and we were just as interested in the affairs of our neighbors as they were in ours. We suffered under one great handicap, however — most of them had more money than we had.

One day during the quiet season, when international spies were recuperating at Monte Carlo, my superior handed me a package of papers and said innocently: 'Look these over and tell me what's in them.' They were cipher dispatches from the Italian Government to one of its representatives abroad.

We had procured these telegrams easily enough. Most of the lines over which they were transmitted crossed Austria, and our telegraphers, like those of other governments, were instructed to send us a copy of every cipher dispatch that passed over their wires. They complied with the order, writing on each sheet, 'For further official inspection.' Their job was easy; the real work was ours.

Let me explain for the benefit of those unfamiliar with such matters that the first requisites for deciphering dispatches like these are familiarity with international diplomatic correspondence and a perfect knowledge of the language in which the dispatch is written. I found that the package entrusted to me contained communications between the Foreign Minister in Rome and the Italian Ambassador at Constantinople. Each telegram had a number, which was not in a cipher; and I knew from previous experience that the lower numbers designated dispatches from the military attaché and the higher numbers those of the Ambassador himself. Every dispatch sent by a French, British, Italian, or Serb diplomat began with the words, 'I have the honor to inform Your Excellency.' This gave us in the first five groups of figures the words 'I,' 'have,' 'inform.' The last group of figures was usually a street address or a variable concluding formula. Between these two boundaries, so to speak, was the body of the telegram. Since *è* ('is') occurs more frequently than any other word in Italian, we easily picked that out from the figure combinations. If that combination was the second after a period, the word was obviously *es*. In this way we eventually deciphered perhaps one hundred and fifty words, and then we came to a halt.

Fortunately we got in touch about this time with a Dalmatian who was editing a little newspaper in the Italian language at Constantinople. He was a bright, intelligent, enterprising fellow who hated the Italians bitterly and was only too glad to do them a bad turn. Naturally, however, we did not tell him what we were after.

On the following Sunday his paper

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printed the following unimposing paragraph: 'We are informed that the Second Army Corps will go south to-morrow. The trains are already under way.' The Italian military attaché promptly fell into the trap, and Monday morning a dispatch passed through Budapest marked '*Urgente Ministero Estero Roma.*' First was the usual introductory formula, next three unknown groups of figures which we later deciphered as the name of the newspaper, and then the dispatch, word for word, without a single variation. The attaché had not even taken the trouble to verify the report.

For several weeks we kept up this game with the gentleman at Constantinople. We secured the insertion of all sorts of interesting items in the little paper, and later corrected them. We wrote nonsense that a Kafir would n't have believed. But promptly on the dot the next day the regular urgent dispatch came over the wires to Rome, repeating the thing verbatim. We composed our paragraphs so as to keep enlarging our vocabulary, and within three months we had a fairly workable Italian cipher code of over two thousand words. We could read the Ambassador's dispatches with ease, and knew whenever he got a reprimand — which was by no means rarely.

While we were in high feather over this achievement, however, we had an experience of quite a different kind, which confirms the saying that 'pride cometh before a fall.' All sorts of people are constantly coming and going in the military espionage service. Most of them are unimportant individuals who are soon forgotten — adventurers, sharpers, people whose only source of income is their wits. They offer their services, affect to know something important, to have keys to secrets that have never been and never will be unlocked, and are all inspired by the same exalted motive — to get a little easy money.

One day a stranger of this kind appeared, accepted one of the Chief's cigarettes, and introduced each sentence of his interview with, 'I know you are a man of honor.' He wanted to sell us the Serb cipher key. After interminable haggling, bidding and underbidding, contemptuous shoulder-shrugging, hypocritical indifference, and all that, we finally agreed to pay him twenty thousand kronen. Thereupon the gentleman drank three glasses of brandy with us and smoked five more cigarettes, while we discussed further details. We were to intercept two Serb telegrams. If we could decipher them with his key he was to be paid at once ten thousand kronen, and possibly a little tip for his nephew, who had copied the key at the peril of his life. The latter was in handwriting, but that was all the better for us, for had it been the original the Serb Secret Service would at once have adopted a new and different cipher. The very next day we intercepted two dispatches from Berlin addressed to the Serb Legation in Vienna. We deciphered them with ease. They were quite ordinary communications, dealing, if I remember rightly, with some question relating to customs duties. An hour later the gentleman received ten thousand, one hundred kronen — the extra hundred for his nephew, who had 'risked his life,' and all that.

We carefully filed our manuscript book away in our safe until a few days later, when we had some reason for wanting to learn more about the communications of His Excellency the Serb Ambassador. We took our cipher key out of the safe, arranged our dispatches on the desk, and set to work. And we kept on working, — perspiring, groaning, cursing, — and could not get an intelligible sentence out of them —

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not a letter, a syllable, a punctuation point. With the exercise of some imagination we made one of them read, 'The male mother of the warship has been built.' Then we had a bright idea. We composed a dispatch to the Ambassador and put it into cipher with our ten-thousand-kronen key, had it written out on a Hughes apparatus, and waited for the result — waited in feverish expectation. It appeared in the form of a little, angry, discourteous embassy secretary, who slapped three dispatches down on the desk of an official at the Central Telegraphic Office in Vienna and demanded that they be repeated, for they were hopelessly garbled. Two of them were the dispatches we had intercepted from Belgrade when we bought the cipher key; the other was the dispatch that we had just composed.

Of course, the explanation was simple enough. The fellow who sold us the key had written it himself. An accomplice in Belgrade had sent two telegrams put into cipher from the faked key to the Serb Embassy at Vienna. The seals were probably forged — though possibly not, for who would be likely to question at Belgrade a cipher dispatch to their own ambassador. It was not a time when we were looking for trouble in the Balkans. The gentlemen in the Serb Embassy at Vienna had apparently left the first two telegrams unopened, until our third dispatch, which was marked 'Urgent,' shook them out of their apathy.

All these things happened long before the war, and long before we dreamed of a World War. As soon as that catastrophe befell us and governments began to spend money like water the value of cipher keys soared skyward, although they were changed every week or so. I knew a spy who managed to sell all our cipher keys for a fabulous price without doing us a bit of harm or doing our enemies a bit of good. Strangely enough, also, we attached little importance to secrets during the war that we previously had kept carefully guarded. Our highest officials were quite indifferent to cipher keys — I don't know why. Perhaps the Chief of the General Staff was right when he said, 'The war lasted too long for such things.'

Naturally, however, ciphers and new ciphers, and new ciphers again, were adopted. No one knew how things were going at the front as well as did the old Emperor. Our Chief of the General Staff was too honest a man to deceive his monarch. Every day about 6 P.M. a cipher dispatch came through our office briefly summarizing the real military situation. We had our own Hughes apparatus, which connected us with the Army Headquarters, and these messages to the Emperor, which we of course deciphered, caused us many bitter hours. When the populace of Vienna and of other cities throughout the country were celebrating victories, hanging out flags and bunting, and shaking hands with joy, we were reading some such short report as this: —

'Situation in Galicia impossible. A retreat to Krakow attended by heavy losses unavoidable.'

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THE 'BOOMING' ARCTIC[1]

BY FRANCIS DICKIE

THE arctic regions of Northwestern Canada are in the throes of a great trade boom. It is not due to any increase in the value of land in this far northern territory of the Dominion, but to the demand for furs, principally those of the arctic or white fox. The area concerned stretches for a distance of a thousand miles, from Herschel Island to Fort Brabant in Prince Albert Sound, on West Victoria Land. At the latter point we find the farthest north trading post in the world. It was established in 1923 to trade for furs with primitive Eskimos — the tribe known as the Copper Eskimos. As the summer of 1926 marked the greatest activity so far in this arctic boom, which has been gradually increasing during the past eight years, some reference to this remarkable trade expansion in the arctic regions is appropriate.

As already stated, the boom owes its inception to the demand for the skin of the arctic or white fox. The returns from the pelts of this animal alone in the last four years have averaged two hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling annually. The gathering of these skins has resulted in the penetrating of the Western arctic in an easterly direction as far as Victoria Land by the Hudson's Bay Company, as well as by small independent traders and schooners. The pioneer and most active firm, of course, has been the ancient and experienced Hudson's Bay Company. In addition to its long-established post at Herschel Island, the Company has built a string of posts over the territory eastward for a thousand miles. The first of these is at Shingle Point, on a sandspit fifty miles from Herschel. The second is Baillie Island, established in 1915. It is a low-lying islet, two hundred and twenty-eight miles east of Shingle Point. The best trapping in all the 'civilized arctic' is around this last-named place. By 'civilized arctic' is meant territory where the Eskimos have almost entirely adapted themselves to the white man's mode of living. Long distances stretch between the posts. The third in the vast new territory is at Bernard Harbor, a trading station situated on the low barren mainland four hundred miles farther eastward. This was established by the Canadian Mounted Police in 1917, and the Hudson's Bay followed in 1918. In the same year the Great Company opened a post at Kent Peninsula, one hundred miles farther east. In 1923, Fort Brabant was erected in Prince Albert Sound, West Victoria Land, by the visit of the auxiliary schooner Lady Kindersley, which was later lost by being caught in the ice, the crew narrowly escaping with their lives. The chain of posts was extended in 1924 to Cambridge Bay on the southeast corner of Victoria Land, one hundred and eighty-six miles from Tree River, and to King William

[1] From the *Contemporary Review* (London Liberal monthly), *August*

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Land, one hundred miles east of Cambridge Bay. An idea of the vastness of the region can best be gathered by a careful examination of a map of that portion of the arctic.

From this it will be seen how steady has been the expansion. Though the entire chain of posts represents the erection of only a score of buildings, nevertheless the progress can fairly be said to be rapid; it actually deserves the title 'boom' when the distances, danger to ships, and isolation of this vast island-dotted polar sea are taken into consideration. The mere item of lumber alone to build the chain of posts is an enormous one, for lumber costs about two hundred pounds a thousand feet by the time it is transported to these icy regions.

Bernard Harbor marks the beginning of the Copper Eskimo territory. This tribe actually represents the stone age state of man. Yet already, with only a couple of years' contact with the traders, these primitive people are using canvas tents in summer, cooking their food in sheet-iron stoves, and shooting with modern rifles, all of which has been made possible to them in exchange for white-fox furs.

The most wonderful change, however, is to be found among the people dwelling in the vicinity of Herschel Island and the other posts westward of the land of the Copper Eskimo. The per capita wealth among them is almost unbelievable. Practically all of it is the result of earnings in the last ten years through the expansion of the white-fox fur trade. These Eskimos have been changed from nomadic hunters of caribou and seal into trappers. In their new commercial enterprise they go far inland, living on the farinaceous food of the white man, wearing his clothes, and at certain periods of the year dwelling in wooden huts, all of which is detrimental to them as a race. According to the figures of Captain Munn, an authority on the Canadian arctic, the Eskimo population of the Mackenzie River delta, which was two thousand in 1896, is now only two hundred, while the entire Eskimo population of the Canadian arctic is estimated at only four thousand, five hundred. The Eskimos, in fact, are a dying race. Nevertheless, the few remaining are enjoying prosperity and luxury. Many of the young men own fast gasoline schooners, modern rifles, tents, gramophones — in short, nearly all the commodities and luxuries of the white race.

The history of the adoption of gasoline schooners is one of the outstanding facts about the boom. These vessels, from twenty-eight to forty-five feet long, are built far inland at the city of Edmonton, in the prairie province of Alberta, to the order of the Eskimos, and then floated on their own power to the arctic via the wonderful inland waterway system formed by the Athabasca River, Lake Athabasca, and the Slave and Mackenzie rivers. The Eskimo, who a few years ago was paddling a skin boat, is now a skilled gasoline-engine mechanic. And he has his ship fitted out with every modern assistance to navigation. To-day the average Eskimo boat-owner's expenditure for gasoline is more monthly than he formerly earned in a year.

So great was the growth of trade in this Western arctic that by 1925 the Hudson's Bay Company outfitted a large steel steamer in order to carry the amount of provisions and trade goods required by the fur posts. This steamer, the Baychimo, in 1925 steamed farther eastward into the newly opened arctic than any steel vessel of large tonnage had ever done before. The risk was tremendous, and the obstacles to be overcome were many.

In the arctic the action of the ice

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does not permit the building of wharves for a large vessel to tie up alongside. Furthermore, the water is so shallow in the vicinity of the posts that a ship has to anchor several miles offshore at each settlement. To cope with this problem of landing cargo, the Hudson's Bay Company ship carried two large scows on deck, and a gasoline launch to tow them. This method of overcoming the difficulty meant, of course, a large additional expense in rehandling cargo. To enable the vessel to get into the arctic once a year and visit all the posts already mentioned and bring from them the collected fur in the same season before the polar pack closes down feverish haste is necessary. So the crews often labor twenty-four hours at a stretch through freezing summer blizzards and howling gales. Extra crews of Eskimos are carried, each man being paid four shillings an hour working time. The Eskimos, being the only available labor, are more powerful than any union, and have learned their economic value.

Most of the posts are in a treeless land, and coal, at sixty pounds sterling a ton, has to be brought from Vancouver. Owing to the loss of the auxiliary schooner, Lady Kindersley, the post manager at Fort Brabant was two years without seeing a white person. At this point the ice does not go out until August, and then only for a month.

With the yearly ship's time so precious, the furs at each post are made up into bales ready for shipping long before the steamer is due. The skins are pressed into bundles of from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five, and each bundle is covered with burlap and sewn securely. Each bale weighs approximately seventy pounds, and is worth eight hundred pounds sterling. On board the ship the fur is stored in specially constructed small rooms lined with tin to keep out the moisture. The fur is taken to Vancouver and thence rushed east to Montreal, New York, or London. In the arctic the independent trapper gets six pounds per skin. All Hudson's Bay post managers and assistants are permitted to trap for the Company during the winter, and get four pounds per skin. The members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police are allowed to trap, but not trade. They sell their fur to the Hudson's Bay, or send it to the outside world where a higher price prevails. At the present moment of writing, white-fox fur in the Pacific Coast markets commands from eight pounds to eight pounds, ten shillings per skin.

The Hudson's Bay Company has been the chief fosterer of this arctic boom, and has earned enormous profits, in spite of the loss of one ship worth about four hundred thousand pounds. So rapid has been the growth of the arctic trade that in the summer of 1926 the Company, in addition to the large steamer Baychimo, purchased the historic schooner Maud, formerly owned by Amundsen. In this ship the famous explorer attempted to drift to the pole, but was forced to abandon the effort after three years. The Maud, having been so carefully prepared for icy seas, makes a valuable addition to the arctic trading fleet. It has been renamed the Baymaud.

The enormous profit made by trapping or trading for white fox, though little known in the outside world, has attracted a few adventurous independent traders, while various individuals dwelling in the arctic have recently made tidy fortunes. In the region around Cape Bathurst, a native missionary named Billy Kemetsena, the best trapper of the region, has cleaned up eight thousand pounds in

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the last six years, enabling him in 1926 to purchase a trading schooner of his own. A young white boy named Johnson, aged only nineteen, in the winter of 1924–25 made two thousand pounds. An Eskimo, known among the whites as Allan, is, however, the most outstanding example of the arctic plutocrat. From a few years' trapping and trading he has been able to build himself a fine house on the Mackenzie Delta, and another small house, for occasional occupation, at Herschel Island. He paid twelve hundred pounds recently for a forty-foot schooner built in Edmonton. He owns the best money can buy in the way of field glasses, rifles, and canoes. He has two gramophones, several suits of white man's clothes, and is also worth two thousand pounds in hard cash. His new mode of life may injure his health, perhaps, but neither he nor any of his successful companions would change back to the old days of igloo dwellings. Besides a score of other native men who have become independent, many white residents in the arctic, such as Mounted Police and Hudson's Bay men, have done well financially.

The regions giving rich fur returns around Bernard Harbor, Tree River, Kent Peninsula, and Cambridge Bay are now being trapped. But around Melville Island, King William Land, and the Queen Maud Sea lie vast areas that are veritable trappers' paradises as yet hardly touched. Even richer is the land of the primitive Copper Eskimos around the Northwest Passage, and it is to these latter regions that independent small traders are likely to go in the coming years of the 'booming arctic.' Already two ex-members of the Mounted Police have taken up trading and trapping in the Western arctic.

The most interesting expedition so far is that of the schooner Nigalik, outfitted by two former employees of the Hudson's Bay Company, Messrs. Clarke and MacGregor, men experienced in fur-trading by years of dwelling along Coronation Gulf. The Nigalik is seventy-two feet over all, specially constructed with a steel frame overlaid with ironbark to withstand ice pressure, at a cost of eight thousand pounds. It has a seventy-five horse-power engine, and carries sails. It is so arranged that it can easily be operated by two men, and in an emergency by one. The stout little craft is outfitted for five years, and may possibly make arctic history; for, after cruising around the Bothia Peninsula, the navigators are going to attempt running the famous Northwest Passage going eastward. This Passage was run for the first and only time from east to west by Amundsen in his remarkable voyage of discovery. Since then the Passage has not found any other man sufficiently daring to accept its challenge. The Nigalik cruise is being made for purely trading purposes; yet if the ship succeeds in getting through the Northwest Passage it will be a notable event in arctic navigation.

The most romantic story of all regarding quick fortunes made in the 'booming arctic' is that of the two De Staffany brothers. Five years ago these two trappers from Montana penetrated the arctic via Edmonton and the Mackenzie River route. They had less than forty pounds between them. In the autumn of 1925 they came out of the arctic on the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer Baychimo with furs which they sold for twenty thousand pounds.

Undoubtedly the arctic boom will increase, when such fortunes lie ready for the making. The trapping regulations are not severe. American trading vessels are not allowed to trade in

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these Canadian arctic waters beyond Herschel Island. But an independent American can get a special permit to trap on Canadian soil. The same applies to men of other countries. Any foreigner, by becoming a naturalized Canadian, may take a trading vessel into these Western arctic seas, provided the ship is entered under Canadian articles. A Canadian subject may trap without a license, but is required to pay four shillings for every white-fox skin taken. For white skins the traders give such things as flour, tobacco, tea, sugar, milk, fancy biscuits, white man's clothes, pots and pans, guns, ammunition, blankets, steel spear-heads, hooks and knives, and many other things both useful and useless. Gramophones are in great demand and command a high price. Telescopes are much prized by the Eskimos, and a cheap pair of field glasses sometimes sells for as much as fifteen pounds.

The Western arctic is the greatest and the last practically untouched field for fur in the world to-day. Here, and here probably alone in all the earth, fur can still be bought for a small value in trade goods — white-fox fur in particular, which in the outside markets of the world brings from six to nine pounds a skin.

No wonder that the arctic is 'booming'!

ON READING AN ELIZABETHAN LYRIC IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM READING ROOM

BY OWEN BARFIELD

London Mercury]

THIS is the fifty-millionth year —
The world is old — how old it seems!
Young literary gents flock here
To feed on piles of dead men's dreams:

Bulging with dead men's thoughts, the air
Hangs underneath the dome how still!
And girls with long and lovely hair
Around them read John Stuart Mill.

God, for a doublet and a swishing cloak,
A pretty bodkin, and a lightning stroke,
A green bank, and some ladies not too wise
To listen while I raved about their eyes!

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SUSPECTING JAPAN[1]

A SHANGHAI EDITORIAL

WHEN General Tanaka, Japanese Premier, states, as he did in the course of an address on China policy in Tokyo on July 8, that Japan will preserve strict neutrality in the Chinese civil war, his words amount to nothing more than pure bunk, because while he was uttering them Japanese troops were taking up positions at Tsinan, the capital of Shantung Province, and along the railway which connects Tsinan and Tsingtau. When General Tanaka states that the Japanese troops will be withdrawn as soon as China quiets down, this is also pure bunk, because when the Japanese troops took up positions along the railway they took along with them a complete staff of railway operators, including engineers, telegraphers, station agents, track superintendents, and so on, all of which means long-continued occupation. When the semi-official Japanese *Toho* News Agency stated, as it did on July 6, that 'five hundred American marines were landed at Tsingtau for the protection of American residents,' it stated a lie which has been officially denied by the American Consul at Tsingtau, the American Minister at Peking, and the American Admiral at Tientsin.

In General Tanaka's official statement on Japanese policy toward China on July 8 he used a number of familiar statements, such as, 'Leave the Chinese people to settle their affairs'; 'Japan should be impartial to any one party or faction in any civil war or in any political strife in that country'; 'Japan has an ardent desire to see peaceful and economic development of China'; 'As to the stabilization of economic conditions in the Three Eastern Provinces, Japan considers it best to leave the provincials to do so by their own efforts'; and so on, none of which carries conviction. The reason they fail to carry conviction is due to the fact that in the same address General Tanaka used a number of other expressions which indicate his real intentions, such as: 'Taking into consideration *Japan's special position* in the Far East, we must *draw a sharp line* between the methods to be adopted toward Manchuria and Mongolia and those toward China proper'; 'We are determined to endeavor . . . to achieve gradually and reasonably the *legitimate national aspirations* due to the awakening of the moderate elements in China'; 'There is no alternative for us but to keep in touch with *moderate men of power* in various parts of China'; 'The Japanese Government desires that *lawless people be suppressed* and peace be maintained by the Chinese authorities concerned'; 'In cases where Japanese rights and interests in China are being encroached upon . . . it is inevitable for the Japanese Government to *take self-defensive measures* in order to protect them'; 'As regards Manchuria and Mongolia, especially the Three Eastern Provinces, as they have a *very important bearing on Japan's national defense* and existence, Japan not only *needs special communication* to these regions, but feels the

[1] From the *China Weekly Review* (Shanghai American English-language weekly), *July* 16

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responsibility to *make these regions places of safe residence* for both Chinese and foreigners by maintaining peace and developing the regions economically'; 'As to the protection of our *vested rights* and the settlement of problems, *we should deal with them* in accordance with the foregoing principles'; 'If there is fear that the Japanese special rights and interests will be encroached upon in the event of the civil war spreading to Manchuria and Mongolia, *Japan must protect them, from whatever directions the disturbance may spread,* and take adequate steps in time so that a *special zone* may be maintained as a place of safety for both Chinese and foreigners.'

The last sentence quoted in the foregoing paragraph really lets the cat out of the bag as far as Japanese policy is concerned, and makes the present Japanese adventure in Shantung Province as clear as daylight, despite the bunk which General Tanaka has been handing out to the Japanese and Chinese public and cabling abroad for public consumption in foreign lands. Heretofore, or at least since the Washington Conference, Japan has been following her so-called 'friendship' policy toward China and has not interfered in the Chinese civil war even after extreme provocation in the Yangtze Valley. But now that the Nationalist revolution is moving northward, Japan has dropped the mask of 'friendship' and is out in the open with the mailed fist. In previous fights in North China between the Chihli and Fengtien factions, Japan has not interfered materially so long as the battling has stayed out of Manchuria. But when the fighting has approached the line of the Great Wall, Japan has always become interested, and in several cases has actually intervened, as she did in 1925, when Japanese troops broke up the Kuo Sung-lien rebellion against Chang Tso-lin. This time, however, Japan has not waited for the war to reach the borders of Manchuria, and, as General Tanaka stated, 'has taken adequate steps in time' — meaning, by this, intervention in Shantung, Japan's purpose being to prevent the Nationalists from getting even as far as Chihli Province and thus interfering with Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian bandit puppet who has protected Japan's interests in that area for so many years. It has been an open secret for some time that Japan has been trying to induce the Nationalists, both the Hankow and Nanking factions, to agree to keep the revolution out of Manchuria, but without success. Therefore, when the Japanese found that they could not obtain such an agreement, the announcement was shortly forthcoming that Japanese troops were to be landed at Tsingtau. Then followed naturally the decision to send troops to Tsinan, the capital of Shantung, some two hundred miles inland, and the patrolling of the Tsingtau-Tsinan Railway. All of these are now accomplished facts.

It is too early to gauge the results of Japan's apparent decision to scrap the Washington Conference and return to the old game of grab in China. A boycott of Japanese products is rapidly spreading through South and Central China, being especially strong at Canton, where Japanese products are being confiscated and where Chinese are refusing to use Japanese cargo or passenger ships. The boycott spirit is also prevalent at Shanghai, and, although it has not reached the serious stage that prevails at Canton, few question the fact that it will soon extend throughout the Yangtze Valley and create a situation similar to that prevailing in 1918–20, which caused such a commotion that the United States was forced to intervene and drag Japan into the Washington Conference for an explana-

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tion of her intentions in respect to the territories of her Far Eastern neighbor. It is also too early to gauge the effect of Japan's actions in Shantung upon the military situation. As these lines are written, the Northern military commanders, Chang Chung-chang and Sun Chuan-fang, are still holding Northern Shantung, including Tsinan, the capital of the province, and Tsingtau, the chief seaport. The presence of Japanese troops in these two cities is naturally of great assistance to the Northern generals, and, if we would believe reports which have appeared in the Chinese newspapers, the assistance which the Japanese are extending goes to the extent of munitions and supplies, and even to officers lent to the Northern leaders.

BORODIN'S HOME-COMING[1]

BY PAUL SCHEFFER

BORODIN has come home. In Europe's eyes he has incarnated Moscow's propaganda of world revolution in the Far East. He will continue to do so. History, however, is invariably more complex than we conceive it. Borodin was far more than a propagandist; he was both an organizer and a diplomat. He was no slave of Communist doctrines, though loyal to them, but a man with a mind and a will of his own. He was one of the really able men associated with the Russian Revolution for whom no suitable employment could be found. So he was gradually shoved off toward the East, whence he made the big jump from Siberia to Sun Yat-sen, whom he had known during his *Wanderjahre* abroad, and who invited him to come to Canton.

Borodin — who seems to have adopted his Russian name at this time — went with the approval of his Party, but without its expecting much from his services. It was at a time when it was Soviet policy in the Far East to combine diplomatic rapprochement with revolutionary tactics. So Borodin was allowed to go to Sun Yat-sen, perhaps, for want of a better man available at the moment. During the last months of the great Chinese leader's life, however, he succeeded in completely reconciling the Kuomintang movement with Bolshevism.

'Who else was ready to help us?' a leading Nationalist at Canton once asked me somewhat ruefully.

Sun Yat-sen died in February 1925. On the thirty-first of the following May British police shot down Chinese students in the streets of Shanghai, and Borodin immediately sprang into world prominence. A great tide of wrath against foreigners, especially the English, swept across China. Hongkong was paralyzed by an ingenious organization that deprived it of one hundred thousand coolies within two weeks. Everywhere the Chinese exhibited a decision, system, determination, and boldness that completely changed the old traditional opinion of them held in the European settlements.

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *August 2*

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Did this mean a Red revolution? Borodin was for a long time exceedingly skeptical. In October, Karakhan, the Soviet Ambassador to Peking, returned to Moscow. He had tried to win both the intellectual and the laboring classes of China to the Soviet cause, while playing the regular diplomatic game with the governments at Peking and Tokyo. The man at Canton had already decided, however, not to grasp too hastily for the first fruits of success, but first of all to give China a thorough house-cleaning. He persuaded Moscow to ally itself with the bourgeois-intellectual Kuomintang. Borodin had no more faith than had Karakhan in a radical social revolution in China such as had occurred in Tsarist Russia. He knew perfectly well, even when the Red flood was at its highest point, that the real leaven at work in China was Nationalism, and that it would take a long, long time to create a Communist movement there. It was Borodin, however, who advised Eugene Chen, Canton's Foreign Minister and the close friend of Russia, to reach an agreement with the English Minister, who visited him — with gnashing teeth — at Hankow after the English and most of the Americans had left. When Chiang Kai-shek won his victories at Nanchang and Hangchow, Borodin did his best to persuade him to leave Shanghai untouched and to concentrate all his attention on the speedy capture of Peking.

Here it was that the Chinese horse threw its Red rider. The generals, whom Borodin had to use as he found them, proved recalcitrant — or, better said, it was they who had used the revolution for their personal ends. Borodin left. So did the Russian general Galen, a genius at improvised warfare, and the man to whom Chiang Kai-shek's army owed its victories.

Moscow's China policy is interwined with its whole international policy, and the consequences were pregnant with tremendous danger. Borodin and Moscow played a game that brought a break between Russia and England, although that was the very thing Russia intended to avoid. Red Moscow wished to carry the Revolution to China in a way that would not weaken its international status elsewhere, for upon that status its larger agitatory designs rested. The Soviet Government banked on the hope that the difficulty of proving its official complicity in the revolutionary happenings in China would protect it in the last resort. The Nationalist movement, while serving the purpose of Communism, was to be its cloak. But the game failed — that has been clear ever since the Russian Embassy in the Peking legation quarter was raided with the consent of the diplomatic body there. The Arcos raid, Chamberlain's Note, the identification of the Soviet Government with the political activities of its commercial agents, and the diplomatic break with England, followed in quick succession. So Borodin left Hankow.

What does Moscow propose to do? Continue to play the double game of diplomacy and revolution? The Moscow papers are filled with discussions of the Chinese situation. They clamor that the Nationalist movement must be emancipated from the militarists, from the whole tribe of Chiang Kai-sheks, and a genuine revolutionary army organized which knows for what it is fighting. Now that Moscow's hands are untied, they say, the revolution will ascend to a higher plane. Does this mean continuing on the radical path, as the Trotskii Opposition demands? A dangerous enterprise. It would be risky to say so openly here in Moscow, but Russian policy must accommodate itself to the lesson it has

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learned in China and to the consequences of the break with England.

Moscow does not want war. How could it want war? I am told on the highest authority that the preparations already made in view of the bare possibility of hostilities have drawn seriously upon the country's resources, all of which are urgently needed to restore the nation to economic health. Great stores of manufactures and provisions were accumulated for an emergency, although they were imperatively required for immediate use. Worse still, the Government's scanty credits abroad were depleted, and we already catch rumors of a shrinkage of foreign trade in consequence. The business psychology of the nation has been affected. Hearing of these vigorous war preparations, the peasants in the distant villages are beginning to ask themselves whether, in view of the prospect of military requisitions, it will be worth while to cultivate as much land as usual. A pall of apathy lies over everything. All this works in favor of Great Britain's plan to strangle Soviet Russia.

England works silently and ceaselessly toward that end. She does not trouble over trifles. If a few of her merchants give credits to the Russians, well and good. England works from above. She does not meddle with the doings of her citizens, but controls big banking operations all over the world, and above all in Germany. She presses the screws of international finance and waits for the effect. She does so with gentle words, but with a hard glint in her eye. Although the Bank of England and the 'City' are now dependent upon Wall Street and the Federal Reserve Bank, her moral influence in New York more than compensates for that handicap.

Russia, on the other hand, is boycotting England both retail and wholesale. She is sending every order she can to the United States. But what do such little scraps of business signify to the Empire of the Abounding Dollar? Soviet Russia is making more liberal concessions to get credits. A two-edged sword. Meanwhile Germany is made to realize what it means to have a financial controller. Besides, Moscow exercises purely political pressure. France is eagerly watching a chance to put in her oar. Italy is busy sniffing around the border of both camps, eager to snatch a bone. The only people here who question Germany's loyalty to Russia are Communist doctrinaires in Moscow's editorial offices and academies, who have made it an article of their Marxian faith that Germany will betray them.

England began by 'playing around the ends.' At the time of the Arcos raid the British Minister turned up twice at Angora unusually cordial and prodigal with promises at Russia's expense. Kindly overtures were made to Japan, who is still irritated over Britain's desertion at Washington five years ago. Little by little the British are trying to work around the edges, tying up with this party here and with that party there, avoiding publicity, always busy, and never talking.

On the other hand, all that the world hears from Moscow is routed via the Third International. It is told that the Communist Party of China is out of favor there because it has not followed Russia's instructions, and has been too lukewarm in adopting decisive measures of either a legal or an 'unavoidably illegal' character. Or the Third International is said to pin its faith on the Vienna rioters, who recently gave revolutionary enthusiasts throughout the world such a pleasant surprise. *Izvestia* is not the organ of the Third International, but it was jubilant when 'the inspiration of Moscow' kindled

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ablaze Vienna, and warned bourgeois governments that this was only a beginning, and that they had better mend their ways in dealing with the Soviets. Was that meant for England?

To-day it makes little difference whether the Third International has been completely disassociated from the Soviet Government or remains secretly identified with it as the English claim. The important thing is that the people who count in Great Britain, and most of those who count in the rest of the world, believe that the two are practically the same. They are going to act on that theory, even if it costs them a little trade. The collapse of the policy that used Borodin as its lever and fulcrum proves that conclusively. It is clear, therefore, that the Russian ship of state will be forced to jettison this Third International Jonah. After what has happened in China, and its consequences, we know that even the most diplomatic and conciliatory revolutionary agitation that Moscow can conduct will not be tolerated by the British.

Russia does not want war. Her chances of winning one are by no means hopeless, but the sacrifice and the risks would be too great. Yet she will not, so far as present evidence shows, give up her double game of diplomacy and conspiracy, even though she has lost every important play up to the present. She will merely be more careful than she has been in the past. All signs indicate that the men in Moscow are already trying to restore their connections with the West and to wriggle out of the hole into which they have fallen. It is significant that in fighting the Opposition at home they lay great stress upon the necessity of 'opening a path toward the West.' They employ that argument to justify Trotskii's and Zinoviev's 'displacement' from the Central Committee of the Communist Party. Nothing must be allowed to happen that might endanger peace between Russia and the European Powers. The Opposition holds that everything must be sacrificed to revolution. The Government Party holds that its first duty is to strengthen Russia 'with all means in its power.' Recent history shows, however, that the English consider these fine-spun revolutionary distinctions of no importance. They refuse to take them into account in dealing with Russia. Party dialectics may bulk big in Moscow's horizon; they are silly futilities for practical world administrators like the British. Possibly the elimination of Trotskii and Zinoviev would make it easier for Stalin to recover the friendly footing with England which we have every reason to suppose he covets and seeks. But the essential condition of passable relations between Soviet Russia and the greatest colonial Power in the world is not the suppression of revolutionary radicalism at home, which the Kremlin is now trying to accomplish, but a discontinuance of policies like the one Borodin pursued in China.

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INTERNATIONAL CHILLS AND FEVER[1]

BY HANS ZEHRER

It is most informing to follow the temperature curve of international conflicts. A danger suddenly bobs up, apparently out of nothing, absorbs the attention of the political world for three or four weeks, keeps press and foreign offices busy, and subsides again into the nothingness from which it came. Whence did it come? Whither did it vanish? The public quickly forgets it. The foreign minister whose weighty utterances and official notes made him seem for a brief period like the axis of the universe resumes his normal lethargy. Everybody breathes freer. 'It was n't half as bad as it looked, after all, thank God.'

An excellent example of this is the Anglo-Russian conflict. It is a recurrent fever which manifests itself in an acute attack, accompanied by threatening speeches and belligerent notes, about once every four years. We have just experienced such a crisis. The British Foreign Minister, Sir Austen Chamberlain, was suddenly discovered to be organizing an alliance against Russia. Diplomatic relations between the two countries were severed. But then the fever subsided. By the time Sir Austen Chamberlain reached the League Council meeting at Geneva the alliance idea was dropped. A few days later he waved an olive branch in the House of Commons and — presto change! — the anti-Russian bloc, British manœuvres against Moscow, and all the rest, vanished like figments of the imagination. England would continue to do business with Russia. 'Thank God,' folks said with a sigh of relief, 'it's not so bad as we thought.'

But is that the truth? Sir Austen Chamberlain stepped off the stage. But what about Sir Henry Deterding, the Dutch-born titled British citizen who heads the Royal Dutch Shell group, the great English petroleum combination? He now takes up the burden of the song: —

'The time has finally come for big business firms to take the initiative in pointing out the disastrous consequences of public indifference toward Russia's business methods. We appeal to public opinion in the interest of the whole nation to support us vigorously in our fight against Bolshevism, and to aid our Government in its effort to defend our industries against the Bolshevist peril that threatens them.'

Thus, in substance, spoke Sir Henry Deterding fourteen days after Sir Austen Chamberlain had wiped Russia's slate clear in the House of Commons. If we follow Britain's oil policy from 1924, when her petroleum kings made peace with their great American competitor, Standard Oil, and Ramsay MacDonald simultaneously signed a commercial treaty with Moscow, we shall discover constant evidence of this perfect teamwork between politics and business. While MacDonald was cultivating political intimacy with Moscow, British business was cultivating business relations with Russia. When England began to become es-

[1] From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *July* 29

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tranged from Moscow, British business lost interest in that country. During 1924 and until well into 1925 — long before the Americans became interested in Russia — the English Shell group was dickering with the Soviet authorities. As soon as it saw, however, that the Russians would not sell their Bolshevist principles and refused to recognize private property in oil, it brusquely broke off negotiations. This action was quickly followed by open hostilities with the Russian Naphtha Syndicate, which carried the war into England proper, where it undersold the Royal Dutch and captured a large market. So since the end of 1925 the English oil companies have been bitterly fighting the right of the Russians to sell their products in England. Anyone who appreciates the political importance of petroleum — which is already greater than that of coal, and almost equal to that of iron — will therefore suspect that the path between Sir Austen Chamberlain's private office and Sir Henry Deterding's private office is well worn.

This much at least is certain: when Sir Austen Chamberlain cheered on the police to raid the offices of the Russian Arcos Corporation in London, the English oil trust and English high finance patted him on the back. And if the British Foreign Minister dreamed at that moment of bringing Russia to her knees politically, English oil men were also dreaming of bringing the Soviets to their knees commercially.

Where is the dividing line between politics and business, then? Everyone knows that smaller traders in England, and many minor industries, were hard hit by the break with Russia. But those are sacrifices which you have to make in dealing with big questions. As soon as diplomatic relations were severed, the Shell group hastened to make proposals to oil companies on the Continent to join it in boycotting Russian petroleum. And since the political centre of gravity of Russia's diplomatic negotiations abroad during the first six months of this year rested in Paris, their economic centre of gravity naturally moved to the same point. But French oil policy since the war has suffered repeated disaster. For a time Shell was supreme in France; later Standard Oil gained the ascendancy. French efforts to develop an independent oil supply completely failed. For this reason all efforts of the Russians to dicker with France for petroleum concessions have come to naught. The French are interested in defending private property, in collecting interest on their foreign obligations, and in receiving dividends upon their stock investments. They lack money, initiative, and above all strength, to develop a great oil company of their own, to rival the huge Anglo-Saxon trusts. France can only choose upon which of these she is to bestow her favor. Here politics and business again come into play, for she is inclined to take the side of whichever party will help her make Russia recognize her debts.

This brings us to the heart of our discussion: What will America do?

The resolute way in which England broke with Russia is significant. She sacrificed without hesitation her Russian business and left that country's markets open to her competitors. Had she not every reason to suppose that American business men would snatch eagerly at the opportunity thus offered, and that Moscow would grant them every favor in its power, if only to retaliate against Great Britain and to create dissensions between the Anglo-Saxon nations? Or was there a gentlemen's agreement between British and Yankee capitalists?

Such an agreement did exist between

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the oil people, but it was a very loose one. In 1924 England and America concluded an accord for the division of the oil fields in South Russia. This treaty between Standard Oil and Royal Dutch Shell implied that the two great combines would join hands against Russia. But Standard Oil's attitude toward this gentlemen's agreement has always been reticent and ambiguous. Could n't the British count, however, on their common hatred of Bolshevism to keep the Standard Oil people from dealing with Moscow? That was, and still remains, the crucial question. Apparently they cannot. During the League's Economic Conference the Russians began to court the Americans. Immediately afterward the interest of the latter in Russian business, if we can credit Moscow's dispatches, received a new stimulus. Three baits were held out for the Yankees — manganese, potash, and petroleum.

Disregarding the former two for our present purposes, let us confine ourselves to the last one mentioned. Standard Oil is reported to be negotiating for large deliveries from Russia. Those contracts are understood to be still pending. If they are signed, America's attitude will be decided. It is not fair to speak of them as representing a new initiative by the Standard people, because some negotiations were begun long before Britain's break with Russia. Indeed, they relate in part to the extension of contracts already in force. The fact that they have now acquired added importance and assumed larger dimensions is due to Russia's sudden liberality; for she must have money, and she would dearly like to deal a blow to Britain. There are three of these contracts. When we know their fate we shall know where America stands in the Anglo-Russian conflict.

Standard Oil is a complex of companies. The two constituent corporations which are involved in the negotiations with Russia are the Standard Oil Company of New York and the Vacuum Oil Company, both of which are engaged in export trade, especially to the Mediterranean and Asia, and rank respectively fourth and fifth among the corporations of this group. The new treaties with Russia make them distributing agents for Russian petroleum in Egypt and around the Indian Ocean. In addition to the political importance of the contracts, they vitally affect the business interests of the Shell group.

Deterding is known to be a man of violent temper when he once breaks loose. Shell's propaganda against Standard Oil during the last few weeks has been a masterpiece. The United States is being placarded with accusations that the Standard is dealing in 'stolen goods.' The fact that there is a temporary overproduction of crude petroleum in the United States itself is used as an argument to show the folly of helping to develop foreign oil fields. A new Bolshevist conspiracy has just been discovered in Java and is taking up whole columns in the newspapers. New Jersey Standard Oil, which is closely allied with Shell, and wants above all things to avoid discord in Mesopotamia and Persia, where the two are working hand in hand, has been forced to declare that the head company of Standard Oil is as determined as ever not to do business with Russia. Official America, which answers to Britain's beck and call, takes up the chorus. President Pierson of the National Chamber of Commerce at Washington protests against having anything to do with Moscow.

We can understand perfectly why England should use every particle of pressure she can bring to bear upon America. But will it work? The con-

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troversy between New York Standard Oil and New Jersey Standard Oil has an amusing aspect, for Rockefeller controls both companies. He is a master at not letting his right hand know what his left hand does. He boycotts Moscow in New Jersey, but he makes money out of Moscow in New York. He did n't expect the Shell people to raise such an outcry as they have, but he took the risk. And now? A few days ago the president of the Standard Oil of New Jersey turned up in London for a personal talk with Deterding. Will they strike a bargain? The petroleum world believes they will. In the first place, the Shell people have powerful weapons in their possession. In the second place, the Russian Oil Trust promises soon to be the fourth great petroleum power, the others being Standard, Shell, and Anglo-Persian. With a fourth party in the field, the Anglo-Saxon dictators of the industry, who though divided among themselves are united against outsiders, will have a new and alien enemy to fight. The Shell people have already organized against the Russians. Within a few days a dozen or more new English distributing companies will be founded for the sole purpose of crushing Russian competition. They are already springing up in Russia's border countries, — the Shell Company of Esthonia, the Shell Company of Lithuania, the Shell Company of Memel, and so forth, — where they plan to destroy the present monopoly of the Russian Naphtha Syndicate. Simultaneously the British fleet is manœuvring in the Baltic, and paying visits of courtesy to the border-state capitals. Again politics and business hand in hand. . . .

Can we trace a relation between these incidents and the failure of America and Britain to agree at Geneva? London has been complaining much of late of anti-English propaganda in the American press. Other factors than petroleum are at work — more powerful factors, perhaps, like the Debt question and the Pacific problem. It is prudent, then, to subordinate for the moment the Anglo-Russian conflict. It has vanished from the front pages of the papers, but for those who can read between the lines it is still prominent enough in their business sections. The public breathes easier and says, 'Thank God, it's not so bad as we thought.'

But as we follow the course of events below the surface we see new issues constantly forming. Oil competition may eventuate in naval competition. Who knows?

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IMPENDING WAR

BY JOSIF V. STALIN

ANOTHER imperialist war is unquestionably impending. It is not a vague possibility; it is an actual and imminent threat, and its first objective will be the Soviet Union.

Already the redistribution of the world into new spheres of influence after the World War is out of date. Younger modern states like America and Japan are pressing forward, older countries like England are losing ground, Germany is recovering from her defeat, Italy has experienced a renaissance and gazes covetously at France. A mad competition for markets, for investment opportunities, and for the control of trade routes has begun. A new distribution of territories is already mooted. New causes of conflict are thus arising between America and England, Japan and America, England and France, and Italy and France. Simultaneously social tensions are increasing within the capitalist states, and manifesting themselves from time to time in revolutionary outbreaks like the General Strike in England last year and the riots in Vienna this month. Conflicts combining the features of a social revolution and a military conflict between the imperialist Powers and the colonial nations have broken out in China, Java, Morocco, and Central America. This growing accumulation of explosive materials signifies a crisis in the world's present capitalist organism — a crisis which, notwithstanding all efforts to alleviate it, is incomparably more acute than the one before the last war.

The survival and prosperity of the Soviet Union under a proletarian dictatorship accentuates this crisis. Consequently it is not surprising that the imperialist Powers are girding their loins for a new war, for that is the only way out of their pressing difficulties. They are strengthening their armaments by land and sea, adopting Fascist methods of government, pursuing the Communists more vigorously than ever, intensifying their campaign of defamation against the Soviet Union, and intervening directly in China, under the impulse of a single force — the drift toward a new war to redistribute the world's resources.

These Powers would already be at each other's throats were it not for their common fear of Communism at home, and for the Soviet Union's persistent policy of peace. They fear to weaken each other lest they fall victims to this new and formidable enemy. I believe that this fear of undermining their common imperialist front is one of the weightiest influences in the world to-day against a war among the capitalist nations. They are willing to sink their own differences for the time being in order to unite against their common foe, the Soviet Union, and thus gain a brief respite from their own dissensions.

We find it perfectly logical that the prime mover in this policy of organizing an alliance against the Soviet Union should be the Conservative Party in

[1] From *Die Rote Fahne* (Berlin official Communist daily), *July* 22

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Great Britain. English capitalism has always been a relentless enemy of popular liberty. From the outbreak of the French Revolution in the eighteenth century down to the present Chinese revolution, England has stood in the forefront of those who strove to prevent the emancipation of the masses. The common people of Russia will never forget the atrocities, the looting, the military devastation, which their country suffered from the invading hirelings of British capitalism after the World War. It is perfectly consistent, therefore, that English capital and the British Conservative Party should now busy themselves organizing war against the stronghold of the proletarian revolution.

But England does not like to do her own fighting; she has always preferred to get foreigners to fight for her. And she has sometimes succeeded in finding nations foolish enough to pull her chestnuts out of the fire. That occurred during the French Revolution, when England was able to form an alliance of European states against revolutionary France. It was again the case after the October Revolution in Russia, when the English, after attacking the Soviet Union directly and suffering defeat, tried to ally fourteen nations against us. They are playing the same game to-day in China, where they are trying to forge a chain of hostile governments against the independence movement. All this makes perfectly intelligible the British Conservative Party's present preparations for a war against the Soviet Union. With traditional patience and persistence, it is trying to create a Holy Alliance of the great and the small Powers against us.

For a long time these manœuvres were pursued under cover. Recently, however, Britain's war plotters have come into the open, believing that they were ready to strike. Their first public act was the raid upon the Soviet Embassy in Peking. It had a double purpose — to secure evidence of the Soviet Union's 'demoralizing activities' that would arouse indignation against our Government in other countries, and to raise an issue between us and the Chinese authorities at Peking that might result in hostilities. That move failed.

Britain's second outright offensive was the raid upon the Arcos premises in London and the diplomatic break with the Soviet Union. Its purpose was to inaugurate a general diplomatic blockade against us throughout Europe. But it likewise failed.

The third direct attack was to instigate the assassination of our envoy, Voikov, at Warsaw. This murder, perpetrated at the instance of agents of the British Conservative Party, was designed to do what the assassination at Serajevo did thirteen years ago — to start a war, but this time between Russia and Poland. That effort likewise has apparently failed.

Why have these three blows missed their mark? Chiefly because the capitalist governments have too many causes of conflict among themselves. Some of them believe it is for their interest to maintain commercial relations with the Soviet Union. Furthermore, our own Government has resolutely pursued a policy of peace. Last of all, the states more or less dependent on England, from Chang Tso-lin's military satrapy to Pilsudski's Poland, refuse to be made England's tools; they are presumptuous enough to prefer their own interests to those of their lordly would-be master. Apparently the English Conservatives overlooked this fact.

Does this mean that Britain will cease her attacks? By no means. Quite the contrary. She plans to hit harder next time. Indeed, she has no choice in

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the matter. Her policy is fatally forced upon her by the international situation, by the condition of her business classes at home and abroad, and by the interests of the Conservative Party. Evidences of her intention multiply daily. She is organizing a financial blockade against the Soviet Union, she is holding secret conferences with the Powers for joint action against Russia, she is aiding and abetting the 'émigré governments' of the Ukraine, Georgia, Azerbaijan, Armenia, and our other federated states, to start revolts against us. She is financing spies and terrorist groups to blow up bridges, set fire to factories, and murder our political representatives. All this indicates that the English Conservative Cabinet is determined to make war upon us.

What does it behoove us to do? First of all, to sound the alarm in every country in Europe, to put the workingmen and the common soldiers of those countries on their guard. We must constantly din into the minds of the masses the necessity of stifling a new war in the cradle; we must persuade every labor leader that this war peril is not a figment of the imagination, and we must convince the rank and file of the workers that any labor leader who refuses to see this danger is a conscious or unconscious traitor to their cause.

This is not the first time that our speedy demise has been predicted, that our army has been slandered as a weak and disorganized mob. Neither is it the first time that our enemies have calculated wrong in judging our strength. Eight years ago the capitalist press was filled with the same sort of propaganda we see to-day — and the whole world knows how conspicuously its falsity was proved when our defeated invaders were rolled back across our border, a disorganized mob of fugitives. It would be well for foreign fire-eaters to ponder on history before they act.

We have another duty, however: it is to strengthen our economic defenses in every possible way, to improve our industries — not only the manufacture of war supplies, but the manufacture of the articles used in peace. We must keep our workers and peasants and Red Army troops on the alert. We must inspire them with a willingness to sacrifice all for their country. We must also strengthen ourselves in the rear by purging the land of aristocratic terrorists and incendiaries.

We must also continue with unshaken resolution our present policy of peace. We must not let our resentment at unprovoked attacks excite us to rash action. Our foes will taunt us with being weak and cowardly. That arouses the indignation of many of our people and makes them demand strong retaliatory measures. But this spirit is merely a symptom of weak nerves, of lack of self-control. We cannot, we must not, dance to the tune of our enemies. We must pursue our chosen course without deviating from it. That is the only policy which will enable us eventually to unite all the workers of the world under our banner when the enemy finally attacks us.

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A FRENCH RED IN CHINA. III[1]

BY JACQUES DORIOT

FROM Nan Nan-fu to Kan Chow-fu we followed a river on either bank of which were great bamboo wheels thirty or forty feet in diameter turned by the current. They dipped water from the stream in little bamboo buckets and emptied it into irrigation ditches that conducted it to the rice fields. This represents great progress from the method of lifting water by hand which we saw in Kwangtung.

We also passed fishermen all along the bank. Their nets were stretched across wooden frames attached to a pole pivoted on a post. The fisherman dipped his net into the water for a few minutes, then lifted it by main force and gathered in his fish, when there were any. We likewise passed long bamboo rafts on which the rafters and their families had built little cabins. Some of them were bound for points six hundred miles or more distant, near the mouth of the Yangtze.

At Nan-Kang, a small city of thirty thousand inhabitants, we stopped to confirm a rumor that had reached us at Nan Nan-fu to the effect that Chen Shan-shi, one of the most active labor leaders in the province, had been assassinated by order of General Chiang Kai-shek. The chief of the Kuomintang at Nan-Kang, who was a Communist, confirmed the report. He said: 'Chen had been with us since the National Army marched through the province late in November, and had already organized fifty unions, with some twenty thousand members. The members of the Merchants' Association at Kan Chow-fu took offense at his activities because their employees were becoming restless. The silk merchants were at the head of this opposition, and they repeatedly threatened to put him out of the way. So on March 6 some of Chiang's officers summoned Chen, who was presiding at a great labor meeting, to come to the yamen. The workers did n't want to let him go, but as he insisted on doing so they accompanied him as far as the yamen gate, where soldiers with machine guns prevented their entering. Chen disappeared through the gateway, and a few minutes later a volley was heard and he fell, pierced by eighteen bullets. Immediately afterward the military took possession of the trade-union headquarters and dissolved these organizations.'

When we reached Kan Chow-fu itself we were met by a little group of dignitaries whose visiting cards bore such words as these: 'Chamber of Commerce,' 'Merchants' Association,' 'Bankers' Association,' 'Magistrates of the First Division.' Not a single trade-union or peasants' union was represented.

We promptly returned to our boats. The principal magistrate and the chief of the Kuomintang, who is a prominent merchant, came aboard. In the name of our delegation I inquired: 'Where are your trade-unions? Where are your peasants' unions? Why

[1] From *L'Humanité* (Paris official Communist daily), *July* 8, 9, 11, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 25, 28

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aren't they here? We should like to greet them also.'

'They're not registered,' said the magistrate.

'Why aren't they registered?' I asked.

I received no reply to this question — nothing but vague formulas of politeness.

'Well, what about the shooting of Chen?' I persisted.

'Ah, that was a personal quarrel,' the magistrate tried to explain. 'He threatened to shoot the Governor with his revolver, but an officer of the Governor's Guard shot him first.'

'They tell me he received eighteen bullet wounds.'

'Well, it was only just a personal quarrel.'

After nightfall a number of workers called upon us. They told us more about the killing of Chen, whom they regarded as a hero. They were clearly disheartened and discouraged. Another division of the Army had arrived three days before. Its political commissar, a sprightly young man with sparkling eyes and energetic features, called on me. As he was obviously friendly to the workers, we asked him what we should do. Someone suggested that we let it be known that we should be glad to see the trade-unionists of the city, at the wharf where our boats were moored, at 2 P.M. the next day. The new army division, which sympathized with the workers, would send a guard of two hundred soldiers, one hundred and fifty men of our own escort would join them, and the other fifty would remain to watch our boats.

'Well, what will happen if the Governor's division tries to stop the meeting?' I asked.

'We shall have a fight; and we have the stronger force.'

So we held our meeting the following afternoon. Some five thousand workingmen were present, protected by three hundred and fifty soldiers with fixed bayonets. Chen's assassin had fled — in fact, General Chiang Kai-shek was reported to have sent officers to arrest him. The following day the trade-union headquarters were open again, and subsequently two of the men implicated in the assassination were executed. Our experience at Kan Chow-fu threw a blaze of light upon the true situation in China. We saw with our own eyes the scission between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat, and its bloody consequences.

A little motor launch was provided to take us down the Kan River from Kan Chow-fu. We were greatly heartened at the prospect of speeding up the trip. But our departure was delayed because the carburetor and the magneto were out of order. The launch's little Chinese engineer regarded these devilish devices with a scowling brow. Finally he began to file away energetically on his machinery, and at length we started.

At the end of six hours' traveling, however, we had made only thirty miles. Night overtook us en route, and we tied up at a little hamlet. Nevertheless, there were a few trade-unionists and peasants' unionists here, thanks to the activities of a radical Kuomintang man, a village teacher. This poor fellow received a starvation wage, but he was sincerely devoted, soul and body, to the revolution. He seemed to me a typical specimen of the kind of youths new China is turning out — young men ready to risk their lives for an idea. These new recruits have not yet had time to push to the front, and they still lack the experience necessary to direct large affairs, but they are winning the confidence of the masses, they trust absolutely in the people, and they promise to give China in time great revolutionary leaders.

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Naturally our visit was a great comfort to this young teacher. He kept repeating: 'Comrades from the West coming to help us! Marvelous! Splendid!' It was an unforgettable experience to watch him explain who we were to his school-children, and to see their little faces staring at us with immense respect. Later we all sang several revolutionary songs together. The older ones knew a few words of English, which they had learned in school: 'One, two, three. Good evening.'

After a Chinese dinner the whole school escorted us to our boat, accompanied by a little band consisting of three trumpets and two drums. Since there was not room to sleep in our tiny launch, the police invited us to spend the night in their barracks, which were on a large flatboat.

We left early the following morning, hoping to reach Ki An-fu about two o'clock; so we telegraphed ahead the probable hour of our arrival. This city extends for about three miles along the river, and is a walled town whose solid water front of low houses is broken at intervals by wharves. Rain was falling in torrents when we arrived. Nevertheless, the whole population seemed to be on hand to greet us, under a forest of banners. As they did not know at which wharf we were to stop, they followed along the bank, pouring through the interior streets when the houses came down to the water, to reappear again at the next opening. Finally we moored. The narrow streets opening upon the wharf were black with people. We soon found ourselves heading a long procession and greeted by firecrackers as we advanced. It was a journey of more than a mile to the yamen, where we were hospitably received and given a little time to rest. Here a group of young revolutionary leaders called on us and engaged us in a long conversation. We must have been talking a couple of hours when somebody came in and said: 'They don't want to go away.'

'Who?'

'The procession. They want to see the delegates.'

'But the meeting will be to-morrow, and we have n't arranged anything for to-day.'

'They know that, but they want to see the foreign delegates.'

So we held an impromptu open-air meeting, attended by several thousand workingmen, who had waited in the rain for more than two hours to greet us. In view of the inclement weather we thought this would be enough, and tried to cancel the meeting for the next day. But it would n't do — the peasants insisted on seeing us also. Therefore at noon on the morrow we found awaiting us another vast throng of fully ten thousand people, mostly country laborers. Like the workingmen the previous day, they gave us a grand reception. We were interested in learning the meaning of the inscriptions on their banners: 'Abolish Likin'; 'Better Pay for Country School Teachers'; 'Lift up Labor'; 'Down with High Prices'; 'Equal Rights for Men and Women'; 'Long Live the Spirit of Lenin'; 'Give Us Good Government'; 'Abolish Rack Rents'; 'Free Press, Free Speech, Free Right of Meeting.'

A young magistrate described the *sub rosa* life of these organizations prior to the arrival of the National Armies. He said that the wage-earners were worse off in this part of the country than the peasants, who constitute eighty-five per cent of the population. The latter pay only one half their crop for rent, which is considerably less than in many other parts of China. The wage-earners, however, have never been able to better their condition, although they have some eight thousand members in their unions.

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Here the secretary of the Peasants' Union, who was present, interrupted to dispute the statement that his people paid only one half their crops as rent. 'You have to make presents to the landlords, such as chickens and the like, and then pay twenty-five to thirty per cent interest for advances. And they won't give you land unless they know beforehand that you will have to borrow money from them.'

The opium evil is rampant here. Fully one fifth of the adult male population smokes. We were told that the Kuomintang had more than six thousand members in the city, and that the Communist Party had one thousand members.

The following day we left for Nanchang, where General Chiang Kai-shek had his headquarters, on the little steamer Lin Kiang, in the midst of an imposing farewell demonstration. The Lin Kiang was a British-built river boat not over one hundred and twenty feet long, but she must have had at least three hundred deck passengers, of both sexes and all ages, aboard. It was cold, and the broad, rapid stream was rough. Now and then at a wide crossing waves would dash over the lower deck and buffet the boat frightfully. In spite of these inconveniences and discomforts, however, this native steamship line, which operates two boats, is regarded as a great improvement on the past. For there are no railways, no roads, no other modern methods of communication of any kind, in this part of the province. Until recently all local traffic was carried on by flatboats.

The twenty-four hours which it took us to reach Nanchang seemed interminable, although the native passengers regarded it as a quick passage. We could have made better time had we run by night, but the pilots dared not risk it because of the sand bars. So we tied up at Sin-kiang, a little market town of thirty thousand people.

We promptly posted off to the headquarters of the trade-unions, knowing beforehand that the Kuomintang here was in reactionary hands. This was confirmed by the secretary of the union, who said the Party was composed entirely of merchants and students, who tried to keep workingmen and peasants out of the organization. The president of the Chamber of Commerce was a bitter labor-hater, and considered that workingmen had no business meddling in politics. Nevertheless, thirty-three unions, with something like five thousand members, had been organized, and had compelled the Kuomintang to admit them. Not only that, but the workingmen, after a bitter fight, had obtained some concrete advantages for themselves, such as that employees who are boarded by their masters should have three meals a day instead of two, and that in several classes of establishments the working day should be limited to ten hours. An artisan does well if he earns one hundred cash, or about thirty-five cents in American currency, during the days he is employed; but it is rare for a man to have steady work.

While we were stopping here news came of a break between Chiang Kai-shek and the government at Hankow. Our Chinese comrades began to figure up forces. Such and such generals with Chiang, such and such generals with us — altogether we are the stronger. What struck me most in this analysis was that these young men seemed to take no account of social forces; they did n't figure the workingmen and the peasants into their strength. In fact, they were not working to give more power to the workers and the peasants, but only to overthrow Chiang Kai-shek.

Other telegrams arrived announcing the capture of Nanking and Shanghai.

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Our little group went wild with joy. We shook hands all around, and telegraphed our congratulations to the Army. Meanwhile preparations for our entertainment were audible in a neighboring room, and a few minutes later a comrade appeared and announced in Chinese, 'Eat rice' — the ritual invitation to dinner. We seated ourselves at two low round tables, chopsticks in hand, in front of a great array of little dishes, containing an endless variety of viands, Chinese hors d'œuvres, shark's-fin soup, bird's-nest soup, 'fish lungs,' pork, mushrooms, locusts, chicken, fish, rice, bamboo sprouts, and I know not what all besides. We selected with our chopsticks whatever appealed to us in this food display, accompanying our meal with occasional draughts of warm sake. I confess I did not like this liquor; it reminded me of castor oil. I passed by a few things, among them black eggs decomposed in marl.

We reached Nanchang the following afternoon. As no one was there to meet us, Ling, our interpreter, and I made our way into the city along the tortuous road bordering the Kan River. Evidently we had reached a town of considerable commercial importance. Shops bordered the streets. I glimpsed in passing magnificent displays of porcelain statuettes, tea services, and other tableware fabricated in the vicinity. Some shops apparently sold exclusively iron rods and tubes, others only tea. Many merchants evidently made a specialty of foreign goods. Japanese and English merchandise was particularly prominent. The street walls were covered with posters, whose varying inscriptions recorded the struggle that was then going on. One declared, 'A state of siege is proclaimed'; another, 'Down with the local Kuomintang'; another, 'Down with the military dictatorship.' Ling, who interpreted these to me, said, 'We seem to be in a focus of civil war.'

We thought it best, therefore, to hurry back to the steamer and let our friends know what the situation was. Several comrades had arrived by this time to welcome us, including General Yen, commander of the Seventh Division, with his Chief of Staff and his two political commissars, both of whom addressed me in excellent French. They had belonged to one of our Communist groups in Paris, and had been home only six months. They soon explained the situation to us: —

'Reports that the Hankow Government has shifted to the Left have aggravated antagonisms. The reactionaries consist of General Chiang Kai-shek's headquarters staff, which has about nine hundred soldiers at its command. The General himself left several days ago. We of the Left have some fifty thousand organized trade-unionists and strong forces of peasants behind us, and have persuaded General Yen here, who has three thousand rifles at his command, to protect us against the reactionaries. The latter have suppressed our newspaper, but the printers have struck in protest. So we haven't any papers at all here. That is why you see all these posters on the walls.'

By this time it was growing dark. Sedan chairs were brought, which our hosts politely insisted that we should use, and we were carried off to a hotel. General Chiang Kai-shek had sent us his card and greetings through his Chief of Staff, whom he had ordered to receive us properly in his absence. These Chinese militarists are past masters of diplomacy, and it is their policy to show every courtesy to strangers of whatsoever revolutionary complexion. One famous old reactionary said to me in China: 'I like to talk about Socialism and revolution with people like you,

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but our Communists here are not interesting.' That seemed to be the opinion of General Chiang Kai-shek's people. We were invited to a banquet by the General Staff. We accepted subject to the condition that representatives of all the revolutionary organizations should be present. It was a curious dinner, where an atmosphere of battle prevailed.

General Chang Chun, General Chiang Kai-shek's Chief of Staff, said at the dinner: 'Our problems are peculiar to China alone. They are not at all like revolutionary problems in other countries. The Chinese revolution is not part of the world revolution. But that is a point concerning which a serious divergence of opinion exists inside the Kuomintang.' That was straight Nationalist doctrine. The next day he confidentially told one of our escort: 'General Chiang Kai-shek can't say anything just now regarding the Kuomintang. He is n't free enough. He has n't enough territory. He has gone to Nanking and Shanghai. When he gets there he will have his say.' In addressing a meeting of the wounded he declared: 'Our Marshal is the creator of the National Army. He is under attack. You must rally to his support and follow him to a man. He is the only chief we recognize.' Other officers with whom I talked were of the same opinion.

While the representatives of the General Staff were having their say the delegates from the various labor and peasants' organizations were silent. At length they spoke, putting such questions as these to the military gentlemen: 'Why have you suppressed the newspapers?' 'Why are you attacking the trade-unions?' I could see that these direct thrusts at their policy were resented by the army men. Nevertheless, they held their peace. One of our young Chinese Communists from Paris whispered in my ear: 'They've got nine hundred rifles. We have three thousand. At a sign from Hankow we could clean them out.'

The next day we paid our respects to the Seventh Division, where a thousand soldiers assembled in a great hall and listened with marked attention to what we had to say. They instantly grasped our warnings against a military dictatorship. One soldier aroused them tremendously by a short speech reënforcing our caution. He said: 'When we were fighting our way forward General Chiang Kai-shek told us we must have no fighting in the rear. That was n't honest. That was to put us to sleep. He himself is attacking the friends of the Republic in the rear. We shall have to fight in our rear against the enemies of the revolution. The best thing would be to get rid of this general.' Our conversations with the heads of the various revolutionary organizations showed, however, that they did not see things as clearly as this old soldier. They were apprehensive and hesitant, and eager to compromise.

I soon became convinced that the spirit of discipline and subordination to central authority which has done so much for the success of the Kuomintang and the Chinese Communist Party was also a source of weakness. When I asked the leaders here, 'What are you going to do to meet this new wave of reaction? How can we help you? How do you propose to crush the reactionary clique in your General Staff?' all they could say was, 'Well, we are awaiting orders from Hankow.'

'But the reactionaries will attack you. They are not waiting for orders. They are going to arrest the striking printers and to seize the printing office. If you don't look out, you 'll be beaten before you begin to fight.'

'Yes, but we can't do anything without Hankow.'

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We then proposed to call a great mass meeting the following day, inviting the workers, the peasants, the Army, and the students, and to see if something could not be done to prevent the publication of the proposed reactionary newspaper. Since the Chinese alphabet has some forty thousand characters, we ought to be able to do that. After a long discussion this was agreed upon. But whenever a concrete proposal was made, everyone shilly-shallied. The Left wing was infinitely stronger than the Right, both numerically and from the military point of view, but the reactionaries had the spirit of initiative. Nevertheless, the newspaper was not printed, and the meeting was a grand success. Five thousand people were present. Trade-unionists armed with long spears carrying tricolored bannerettes, and soldiers with fixed bayonets, protected the meeting. Pamphlets and posters were distributed to the crowd. The General Staff was not represented, and every speaker denounced its policy. Definite accusations were made against General Chiang Kai-shek himself. The speeches might be summarized as follows: —

'The object of the revolution is to make China a free, independent, democratic country. No single man, no matter how great a hero, can do that. The Central Committee of the Kuomintang, which is the executive of the Party, is the guarantor of our democracy. It must not fall under the control of a military chief. Chiang Kai-shek wants to run the whole revolution. He has eliminated the other leaders. He is making himself a dictator. He disregards the sentiment of the people. He is hostile to trade-unions and peasants' unions. He has changed our foreign policy by sending emissaries to Japan and the United States. He is spending millions to further his personal fortunes. He wants the Kuomintang to obey him, instead of his obeying the Kuomintang. The Party cannot tolerate this usurpation.'

When the meeting was over a big procession escorted us through the city, shouting: 'Down with the military dictatorship!' 'Dissolve the Kuomintang!' It wound up on the quay, where we were to take the ferry to the railway station down the river. The General Staff and its military band were awaiting us. The members of the procession massed on the quay and sang the *Internationale.*

We boarded the ferry. Representatives of the General Staff accompanied us. Half an hour sufficed to get us to the railway station. A crowd of children, women, coolies, and peasants surrounded our car. We spoke a few words to them. As they did not know their own national song, Tom Mann got together a little group of children and taught it to them. An old woman came up and indicated by signs that she wanted to talk with Tom. She was eighty years old, and had worked on a boat all her life.

At length our special train was ready to leave. It consisted of two coaches and an ancient asthmatic locomotive. The road runs along a high fill thirty feet or more above the water. When I asked whether this was on account of floods, I was told that the levees along the Kan had been allowed to fall into disrepair during the civil war, and that as a consequence large areas of rice land were overflowed, causing great losses to the farmers.

By evening nearly everyone in the train was sound asleep. A little after dusk we stopped for about an hour to wait for the train from the opposite direction, with which we changed engines, and toward midnight we reached Kiukiang. Hundreds of homeless coolies, who hoped to get an early

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morning job, and of peasants waiting for a train, were sleeping on the floor of the railway station and the adjoining platforms.

Chiang Kai-shek had passed through Kiukiang a few days ahead of us. Since then the reactionaries, visibly heartened by his counsels, had been busier than ever. Revolutionary societies had been attacked by bands of hired thugs, who had pillaged their headquarters and killed several of the militants. Nevertheless, the workers and peasants were still on the aggressive. The trade-unions enrolled thirty thousand members, and the Peasants' Union about an equal number. Both of these had strong armed detachments at their service. In addition the radicals could count upon the aid of some five thousand organized students, a woman's rights society of a thousand members, and an important section of the mercantile community whose hostility to the unfair competition of foreign imperialists all along the Yangtze made them favorable to the revolutionists. On the other hand, Chiang Kai-shek's General Staff was ultrareactionary, and the rank and file of the army was uncertain.

A local official who had been appointed as the spokesman of all the Nationalist organizations described the general situation at Kiukiang as follows: 'Our city is intensely hostile to the foreign imperialists. We have here two steamship companies, one Japanese, the other English; two petroleum companies, one American and the other English; and a refinery. The Japanese also own a cotton mill. Our other industries are still in Chinese hands, but except for a cartridge factory and a few match factories they don't amount to anything. Aside from the Chinese employed in foreign establishments and on the railway, the working class consists of handicraftsmen, municipal employees, boatmen, ricksha men, porters, and longshoremen. The highest wages paid in the foreign factories range from ten to fifteen cents gold a day, and these rates are much better then they were before we were organized.'

This city, situated at the confluence of the Yangtze River and the outlet of Lake Poyang, and connected by rail with Nanchang, has been coveted by the foreigners for a long time. The native city, like all Chinese towns, is a huge slum. Passing from it to the former British concession is like emerging from night into day. In place of sordid hovels one finds large, airy, modern villas shaded by great trees, and massive business edifices where the petroleum and manufacturing companies have their head offices. The concession extends along the bank of the Yangtze, protected by the guns of the English and American warships anchored in the stream. Theoretically at least, the English recently surrendered their title to this concession. Its present Chinese administrator thus described the incident to us: 'On New Year's Day, when a labor parade was passing near the concession, the British police completely lost their heads. They fired upon the marchers and killed a laborer. Ten minutes later the whole concession was in the possession of our people. Yet not a single European was injured or molested. Since then we have been in charge. The English ordered their people, some forty in number, to withdraw to Shanghai. They did that of their own accord. We were quite willing to let them stay and go on with their business, and were fully prepared to guarantee protection for their lives and property. Americans, Japanese, and other foreigners have remained. They are doing business as usual, and I hear no complaints from them.' At the

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request of Tom Mann, who had taken down every word the man said, he signed a written statement to this effect before we left.

We found we should have some difficulty getting away from Kiukiang. Steamboat hands on the Yangtze had declared a general strike, as a protest against Great Britain's landing ten or twenty thousand soldiers and vast quantities of arms and ammunition at Shanghai. Regular shipping was completely tied up as a result; not a steamboat was moving up or down the river. Furthermore, the National Army had seized every vessel it could lay hands on to concentrate troops around Nanking and Pukow, which were threatened by the Northern forces.

We were in great haste, however, to reach Hankow, the headquarters of the revolutionary government. After a long talk the General Staff finally offered us a launch for the trip on the condition that we leave that very day. This was in order to head off a big radical farewell demonstration planned for the following morning. To our great regret, we had to accept these conditions. The militant revolutionists were indignant at the trick, but agreed with us that it was the only thing to do.

Our launch moved up the vast expanse of water, which is several miles wide at this point, through a flotilla of little sailboats fishing in pairs as they do at sea. Ours was the only steam vessel visible on the river. Besides our delegation, it was carrying soldiers to Hankow, who kept singing revolutionary songs.

Suddenly far upstream we saw a column of smoke. It surprised us, in view of the general strike, but a few minutes later we made out a naval vessel. It proved to be a Japanese torpedo boat, which passed us rapidly, decks cleared for action.

Japanese army and navy men think their Government is dealing too gently with China; so they seize every opportunity to meddle and to make themselves offensive. As the torpedo boat disappeared downstream, at full speed ahead, my interpreter said to me confidentially: 'We 're glad to see her go. Her crazy officers might have taken it into their heads to fire upon our Kuomintang flag.' We were six hundred miles from the sea, in the heart of China, and yet foreign war vessels were making themselves quite at home here. They virtually controlled the Valley. China has no navy capable of resisting them. On our way down the river to Shanghai later we passed foreign warships anchored opposite practically every important town along the route.

After several hours' travel we saw ahead the lights of a large city, — or, rather, of three large cities, Hankow, Wuchang, and Hanyang, — the capital of Hupeh, the great iron and steel centre of China. This triple metropolis, which the Nationalist Government has united in a single municipality, has some twelve hundred thousand inhabitants, and is admirably situated at the confluence of the Yangtze and one of its principal tributaries, on the Peking–Hankow, Hankow–Changsha Railway, and in the immediate vicinity of important coal and iron mines. It is destined to be one of the world's great cities, and the capital of future China. Nanking and Peking, the ancient capitals, are not well suited to be the seats of government of a great modern state. Hankow, furthermore, is one of the world's great ports. The river at this point is considerably more than a mile wide, there are no bridges, and the largest ocean vessels can come up to this point except on very rare occasions.

Naturally foreigners quickly detected the strategic importance of this site for the commercial conquest of the country,

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and the English, French, Russians, Germans, and Japanese hastened to acquire concessions here. These foreign quarters extend along the north bank of the Yangtze for about a mile and a half, with their spacious villas, banks, consulates, great office buildings, and customhouses strung along an asphalt boulevard.

Upon reaching Hankow I felt as if we were entering a magnificent Western metropolis. But that illusion vanished as soon as we passed the foreign settlement and came to the Chinese city, with its wide suburbs, where Chinese workers huddle in miserable little bamboo hovels.

Several concessions have been returned to China. The World War wiped out Germany's, a Soviet treaty abolished Russia's, and revolution has eliminated England's. Only the French and the Japanese remain. Our launch passed, opposite the former foreign quarter, some fifteen anchored warships of all nationalities, including three French.

We were given a magnificent reception at Hankow. The General Labor Union, the Provincial and the Central Kuomintang, the peasants' unions, a number of trade-unions, and many other organizations, invited us in turn to be their guests. On April 3 fifty thousand workers assembled to greet us. They told us what we had repeatedly heard before — that China was anxious to ally herself with the international labor movement. But the dominant note in all the speeches was condemnation of Chiang Kai-shek.

Eugene Chen, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, an alert, little, bright-eyed, keenly intelligent man, who was born in the British West Indies and educated in England, already knew Tom Mann, whom he greeted with marked evidences of pleasure. He also speaks French readily, but, rather oddly, knows only a few words of Chinese. He was intensely hostile to Chiang Kai-shek. After describing the bitter battle that the asserters of China's economic and political independence were fighting against England, he said with respect to the United States: 'Until the bombardment of Nanking our relations with the Americans were friendly, but what happened then has interfered with our good understanding. The United States is also withdrawing its citizens from China. I have protested against this. The Americans fancy they are threatened with a new Boxer Rebellion. This is a strange delusion. The Manchus used the Boxer Rebellion against the foreigners to distract the attention of the common people from the disastrous consequences of their own blunders. If the Americans become simply followers of the English, we can hardly remain friends with them. Economic considerations have made Japan more cautious in dealing with our country than she used to be, but our relations even with her have grown worse.'

A recent occurrence at Hankow showed how a normally trifling incident may cause serious international complications in a crisis like the present one. About 5 P.M. the Sunday before we arrived two drunken Japanese soldiers hailed a couple of ricksha pullers. When they reached the wharf opposite their vessel they refused to pay their fare. The ricksha men insisted on having their money. During the argument that ensued one of the drunken sailors drew his bayonet and ran a ricksha man through the body. Naturally this instantly collected a crowd. Thereupon the Japanese vessel opened fire with machine guns upon the people, killing four men. The Japanese sailor's act was quite in keeping with the spirit of his fleet, which is spoiling for a fight. Immediately after this incident the Japanese Consul withdrew all his fellow

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citizens from the concession, thus depriving several thousand Chinese workingmen of employment. 'So you see,' added Eugene Chen after describing the incident, 'a matter that under ordinary conditions would be a simple police-court case acquires the dignity of an international episode.'

Later we had a conversation with Dr. Sun Yat-sen's son, who is now Minister of Communications of the Nationalist Government. He told us that all the railways of the country with the exception of the line between Hankow and Peking had been built with foreign capital. The Government was taking over these roads, appointing new general managers, and collecting the revenues. The administration of each line was entrusted to a board consisting of one representative of the Government, one representative of the road's engineering staff, and one representative of the employees, and so far the system was working very well. The coasting trade between North China and Canton is in the hands of foreign shipping lines, which discriminate in every possible way against Chinese connecting carriers and Chinese business firms. The country's telegraphs, postal service, and with a few exceptions its wireless stations, are also in the hands of foreigners.

Among our most interesting callers at Hankow was a delegation from a retail merchants' association. The streets of every Chinese town are bordered by rows of little shops selling textiles, shoes, jewelry, tobacco, paper, and an infinite variety of things the common people use, many of which are made by the man who sells them. In addition to these small retail shops there are large native firms which deal in what is known locally as 'foreign merchandise' — a name given to Chinese goods brought from another province as well as to imported manufactures. These small shopkeepers are radical revolutionists, for they constantly encounter competition, unfair discrimination, and outright oppression from foreign imperialist merchants, native feudal landlords, and military despots. Foreign imperialists try to drive Chinese wares out of the market and to control native industries. They already practically monopolize the trade in silk, paper, and tea. Naturally the merchants resent this alien invasion. They are equally antagonistic, however, to feudal oppressors of their own race, such as the money lenders and the big landlords, who profiteer upon them unmercifully. Last of all, the militarists, with their arbitrary taxes and requisitions, are an intolerable curse. These three groups, foreign capitalists and merchants, feudal landlords and money lenders, and military overlords, work hand in hand. This has driven what would be the petty bourgeoisie in a Western country completely into the arms of the revolutionary proletariat.

The delegation which called upon us represented a federation embracing one hundred and forty local societies, each of which included fifty to six hundred shops. The membership does not consist of individuals, but of shops. But it is harder to keep up a spirit of solidarity in an organization of this sort than in a trade-union or a peasants' union. For not only are these shopkeepers competitors among themselves, but some shops are larger, wealthier, and more conservative than others. The federation made the mistake when it was organized of fixing the entrance fee at sixty dollars silver, which made it virtually impossible for smaller establishments to join. Later the dues were reduced to one dollar, and the whole character of the federation instantly changed.

The delegation assured us that the

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societies it represented were working hand in hand with the trade-unionists, peasants, and the Kuomintang. They said: 'Some of our members want the Government to dissolve the Wholesalers' or Big Merchants' Association. That body is composed of the big fellows in the large cities and speculators in country produce. We are constantly having trouble with them. We represent the masses among the business men. The others stand in with reaction.'

One evening, at a meeting in the Chamber of Commerce at Hankow, a popular Chinese orator delivered an eloquent speech begging the wealthy merchants of the city to subscribe liberally to support the military campaign against the Northern troops. After he had been talking about an hour the chairman whispered in his ear, 'There 's no use following that up any longer, for every member of the audience who has any money has already left.'

WHERE EUROPE IS AT PEACE[1]

A SCANDINAVIAN SUMMARY

BY DOCTOR RICHARD LEWINSOHN

NEVER before in their history have the three Scandinavian countries, each of which has in the past been united for centuries under a single government with one or the other of its neighbors, lived as harmoniously together as they have during their last twenty years of complete political disassociation. Every sign of friction between seceding Norway and her old suzerain, Sweden, has vanished. No cultural antagonism survives between Denmark and Norway, which developed her own literary language at the time she chose a Danish prince for her king. The three Northern countries have pursued a common foreign policy ever since they unanimously declared their neutrality at the beginning of the World War. Their Ministers of Labor held a conference to formulate a joint programme before the last International Labor Congress, and their delegates to the Geneva Economic Conference reached a similar agreement before that meeting, in association with Finland, which in many matters is working hand in hand with the three Scandinavian states.

We must be on our guard, however, against drawing too far-reaching inferences from this community of action. Scandinavia is a convenient geographical term, but it must not be used to minimize the fact that the Danes are fundamentally different from the Norwegians, and the Norwegians fundamentally different from the Swedes. Geography and history have produced strong contrasts in this vast territory, which even omitting the sparsely populated districts of the far north is still as large as all Germany. To Europeans, however, certain traits common to

[1] From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *July* 27

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these countries are much more interesting than their differences.

Perhaps it is an accident that all three kingdoms chance to have Right-Centre cabinets. The remarkable influence that labor exercises in their governments, in view of the fact that in spite of Sweden's rapid industrial development they are still predominately agricultural, is significant. Nowhere else have the working classes made more progress during and since the war than they have here. The history of that progress varies in the three countries. Under Branting's able leadership the Social Democrats of Sweden were able to make the demands of labor felt in the government for many years. In Denmark a radical Democratic premier prepared the way for the political rise of the urban proletariat, so that a Social Democratic cabinet found everything ready to its hands. Even in Norway, where the workers are more radical and have at times been inclined to follow Moscow, but where their leaders have never held ministerial positions, labor is a political force to be respected.

Yet the power wielded by the working classes in Scandinavia is not based upon political privileges. Sweden still retains much of her ancient plutocratic-aristocratic electoral system. Norway clings to her old regional political grouping, which assures the country population a two-thirds majority in Parliament. Labor's power is based upon its economic strength. Contrary to what happened in many parts of Europe, it managed to get a larger share of the war profits than its employers, and it has used this material advantage to secure and defend its social gains. It has money, and that is the secret of its success. In Sweden, for example, the Coöperative Societies, whose membership comes predominately from the working classes, are one of the strongest capitalist powers in the country. They dictate agricultural prices, and have a decisive say in foreign trade policies.

Naturally Scandinavian workers, in view of their high material and social standards, are no longer a proletariat in the European definition of the word. Like the American working classes, they belong to what we should call the petty bourgeoisie; but unlike the Americans, they depend largely on the ballot to promote their interests and protect their rights. No Scandinavian Social Democratic party is hostile to private capital, or in favor of actual socialization. Sweden has a permanent Socialization Commission whose members are chosen from all political parties. Its principal achievement to date has been to recommend to Parliament that certain government railways be converted into private enterprises. Norway has just done away with the last survival of the public control of industry inaugurated during the war by abolishing her grain monopoly.

All three Scandinavian countries strictly enforce the eight-hour day. In Sweden labor has more to say about the employment and dismissal of workers than it had in Germany even when the revolutionary Works Councils were at the height of their power. Employers have reconciled themselves to this, and the exercise of this right by labor does not prevent the rapid progress of manufactures producing quality and special wares. Class differences are not prominent, because the working people are so well off; and serious strikes are rare.

Since none of the Scandinavian nations has controversial foreign policies or cultural questions to occupy its attention, Parliament busies itself largely with economic and social legislation. It is chiefly interested just now in cutting down government expenses

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and lowering taxes. In Denmark the present Cabinet has reduced the Budget by abolishing subsidies to certain industries. The manufacturers shorn of these favors clamored for higher duties in compensation. Their demands almost precipitated a cabinet crisis. Danish farmers, who buy fodder abroad and convert it into meat, butter, cheese, and milk for export, are enthusiastic Free Traders. Textile operatives, on the other hand, have made common cause with their employers in demanding a higher tariff. Up to the present, however, the farmers have had their way, and Denmark shares with Holland the distinction of being one of the only two European countries still having virtual Free Trade.

Farther to the north Protection is still in good repute, although it is difficult to justify it in countries that make their living from their fisheries and from carrying goods for other nations. The holy sardine takes the place of the sacred cod with the Norwegians. Everything else must be subordinated to keeping the foreign markets open for this important export. It figured largely in the tariff war with Spain, whose Lenten fish-eaters are among its largest consumers. Spain, however, would have no Norwegian sardines as long as Norway, under its former Prohibition law, excluded Spanish wines; and in the battle royal between Malaga and *Klippfisch* the former won.

Since economy programmes hold the centre of the stage in all Scandinavian countries, there is inevitably more or less talk about the monarchy as an unnecessarily expensive luxury. Most people are averse to abolishing the Throne, and the Scandinavian royal houses without exception are models of modesty in expenditure. Nevertheless, it is hardly a favorable sign for the Northern rulers that their most loyal supporters are inclined to regard them merely as a business asset. A merchant prince in Stockholm said to me half-apologetically in justification of his monarchist opinions: 'Just see, the trip of the Crown Prince and his wife to the United States and the Orient has won friends for Sweden everywhere, and has boosted our exports.' Quite possibly. But one cannot help feeling that the prestige of a royal house has been somewhat undermined when it is appraised so largely on its publicity value.

As a matter of fact the real rulers of the Northern countries must be sought outside the royal palaces. In Norway they are the steamship kings, both inside and outside the Government, who, with due deference to the workers and peasants, make the actual decisions. Big business is even more the master in Sweden, where the Wallenberg brothers and Ivar Kreuger tower high above the ranks of ordinary millionaires.

The Wallenbergs, grandsons of a clergyman, have made the Enskilda Bank, which they inherited from their father, a stronghold of high finance. They control a large fraction of the Swedish iron and steel industry, and are reputed to be the principal financial advisers of the Government. Their prominence has caused them to be chosen for honorable missions abroad, and to be selected to solve important public business problems at home. The skill with which they have performed these tasks has added to their reputation. Knut Wallenberg, who was Foreign Minister of Sweden during the war, recently presided in patriarchal dignity over the meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce at Stockholm. His brother, Marcus, is the practical financier. The younger members of the family are allied by marriage with the old aristocracy.

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Like the Rothschilds, they have kept their far-flung interests within the family down to the third generation. Not an important letter goes out of any of their offices without the O.K. of a Wallenberg in one corner.

Ivar Kreuger resembles an American parvenu by the side of these two conservative old bankers. Inheriting some capital, he started in business as a contractor. During the war he secured control of the famous Swedish match monopoly, and soon made himself the match king of the world. Nevertheless, he is not so much a captain of industry as an industrial promoter. His success is due to shrewd financial manœuvres, to shifting stock holdings skillfully, to annexing already existing enterprises rather than to founding new ones. In fact, he is a sort of Swedish Stinnes, with the same wide dispersion of business interests. He, too, has a hand in the iron and steel industry. He is interested in large banking institutions in Sweden, America, and Germany. He has vast real-estate holdings, including a number of business structures in the heart of Berlin. And quite in keeping with the present conventions for a business man of his type, he has just purchased the old and venerable *Stockholms Dagbladet* as his political press organ. To be sure, conservative Swedish business men sometimes ask with shaking heads where all this expansion will end. Kreuger's Swedish match trust has become almost a national institution, even though the billions of crowns invested in it come largely from abroad. Nevertheless, the future of this uncrowned king of the North seems more assured than that of its crowned monarchs. As long as he is prudent in handling his political connections and considerate in dealing with labor the people will stand behind him.

GOLD SEEKERS IN BRAZIL[1]

A JUNGLE TRAGEDY

BY E. QUADRONE

I AM about to relate a true adventure as its hero, — or victim, — Oreste Barra of Turin, told it to me. Before the war this young man was employed in a jewelry factory. He was drafted into a division of telegraph engineers, where he served with credit throughout the period of hostilities. As soon as he was mustered out he returned to the home of his parents at Turin, but after a few days' sojourn there bade them a hasty adieu on the pretext that he was going to Spezia to take his examination as a radio operator.

That was not the young man's real intention, however, although he did visit Spezia, where he made a brief stay before going to Genoa and embarking for Buenos Aires. He wrote his mother a few words of farewell from Naples, where the steamer stopped, apparently already a little

[1] From *La Stampa* (Turin Independent daily), *July 24*

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remorseful over his unannounced adventure.

Early December, 1922, saw Barra working at his trade as a goldsmith in Buenos Aires. He was doing well, and had saved a little money. By chance he made the acquaintance about this time of an Italian waiter, who told him he knew how a man could make a fortune in a very short time in South America. According to his story, a new gold field had been discovered in the remote interior of Brazil. Unfortunately, the Brazilian Government had forbidden prospectors to go into this country, which was a very dangerous and unhealthy district.

Barra's imagination was fired by this rumor. Visions of acquiring sudden wealth and returning to the parents he had so abruptly left in Italy hovered before his eyes. At his eager request the waiter gave him the address of another Italian waiter in Rio de Janeiro who could tell him more about the new discoveries. Already afire with the gold fever, the young man threw up his job at Buenos Aires and hurried off to Rio, where he soon found the man to whom he had been referred.

The latter proved to be a very reticent fellow. For a time he refused to give any information. Finally, however, he told Barra that if he were to go to Victoria, a little station in the interior, he could get in touch with a company of gold seekers at that point. At the same time he urged him to reconsider his intentions. He told him that it was an exceedingly risky adventure, that fifty per cent of the prospectors who had gone into the forbidden field had never returned, that it was virtually outlaw country where every dispute, no matter how trifling, was settled with a revolver.

Barra, however, refused to be dissuaded, and a few days later found him in Victoria. A man whom he never met again, but to whom he had been referred by his Italian compatriot in Rio, took him at once to a lodging house of the lower class, where he found his worst anticipations as to the character of the men with whom he would be associated realized. Feeling that it was too late to turn back, however, and still obsessed by visions of sudden wealth, Barra arranged to join a party of one hundred and sixty-five men, most of whom were Russians and Germans, who proposed to make a joint expedition into the new field. 'Company' is too formal a word to apply to the party, which was little more than an unorganized, leaderless group of adventurers. The promoters of the expedition were certain shady characters who mysteriously disappeared soon afterward without asking a cent of compensation for their services.

Oreste Barra learned later that these men were the proprietors of several obscure little grogshops and gambling hells far out in the wilderness beyond Victoria, who grubstaked penniless prospectors, and reaped their reward for any apparently gratuitous assistance they rendered the others by stripping them of whatever gold they won before they reached the confines of civilization. In fact, all the party were virtually at the mercy of these men, for the gold they mined in the forbidden field was contraband.

Barra's account of the dealings between the grogshop men and the miners is certainly picturesque. The latter came back from the workings in parties of three or four. Before reaching the grogshops they carefully buried whatever dust and nuggets they had at the foot of a tree, and with drawn revolvers negotiated with the gold buyers. Not until the price was paid down and the gold delivered did either bargainer return his gun to the holster. In fact, whenever strangers met in the wilder-

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ness where the new strikes had been made it was with drawn revolvers in their hands, and if either saw the other put his index finger inside the trigger guard he had a right to shoot him instantly.

The 'company' which Barra joined set forth secretly before dawn, with a mule train carrying its provisions and equipment. The provisions consisted of hard-tack, salt meat, tapioca flour, and the deadly native rum. Barra was the only Italian among the one hundred and sixty-five men; the others were Russians, Germans, negroes, and mixed-bloods. Most of the members wore old army trousers and hunting jackets, and each carried a Browning eight-shooter in his holster. The 'agents,' as the grog sellers and gold bootleggers were called, had supplied Barra with a package of dynamite cartridges. It was given out for the benefit of suspicious government officials that the party consisted of lumbermen going into the forest to clear a tract of timber.

Setting off in the direction of Minas Geraes, the company traveled for several days in high spirits. Finally it reached the land of its hopes. But such a land! It was a swampy forest infested by dense swarms of deadly mosquitoes. The air was heavy and stifling; the nights were dank and chilly. Yet for some time the members bore their hardships without grumbling. Every night they hoped to strike it rich on the morrow. One member of the company, a mulatto named Camba, was the life of the camp. He was a natural clown, and his jokes and antics kept the men in good humor. At night they would gather around their camp fires and the Russians would sing their melancholy choruses.

Barra occupied the same tent as a German engineer from Munich and a mulatto named Frigueira. The latter was an irascible, sullen fellow. One morning when Barra was washing in front of the tent he inadvertently jostled the mulatto, who turned angrily and heaped abuse upon him. Luckily both men had left their revolvers in the tent. Immediately a crowd gathered around them and encouraged them to fight. Frigueira suddenly threw himself upon Barra, hurled him to the ground before he could recover his balance, and tried to bite his throat. Barra, in a desperate effort to force back the man's head, thrust his finger in his eye. Nevertheless, the maddened mulatto seized Barra's shoulder in his teeth. Stung by the pain, Barra, by a tremendous effort, succeeded in getting on top of his opponent, and, straddling his back, repeatedly pounded his head against the ground as hard as he could. The circle of spectators, which had been passing a rum bottle from mouth to mouth and making a show of the mad struggle, cheered wildly. Finally Barra, who was beside himself with rage, felt the mulatto's body suddenly relax between his knees, and, recovering his senses, rose. Some of the gold seekers turned the unconscious man over. His face was a mass of gore.

Thereupon Barra, revolted by the whole affair, burst into tears and began to curse roundly everyone in the vicinity, calling them villains and barbarians who had incited him simply because he was an Italian to commit this atrocious deed. 'If I'd been a Russian or a German you'd have stopped the fight.'

This incident — for the mulatto died shortly afterward — had a profound effect upon the young man. Overcome by superstitious terror, he lost all hope of making his fortune in the mines, and henceforth thought only of some way of getting back to his parents in his own country.

Meanwhile the affairs of the party

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went from bad to worse. None of the miners struck pay dirt. Everyone became surly and silent. The singing around the camp fires ceased. The provisions to which they had been grubstaked were running low.

A few little tribes or clans of half-savage natives lived in the vicinity of the camp. Although they had no direct connection with the Government, they called themselves 'rural guards.' All of them had Indian and negro blood in their veins, and few of them had ever visited a town or a centre of civilization of any kind. One day a Russian gold seeker who had wandered some distance from the encampment encountered one of these natives. The two men approached each other with drawn revolvers, as was customary when strangers met in this country. When he was a few steps away, the native called: 'Have you money? Have you gold? Have you dust?' The Russian was about to answer when he saw the native's finger moving toward his trigger guard. Obeying the law of the jungle, he shot him instantly. A woman of the tribe witnessed the incident and gave the alarm. Several natives posted off to Victoria to report the affair to the authorities, and to inform them that a company of illegal miners was in the region, but without waiting for a reply assembled their companions and attacked the camp. A regular pistol battle followed, and that night the miners, fearing the arrival of the police, decided to retreat deeper into the jungle.

The party eventually found itself in Matto Grosso. The word means 'Big Forest,' and the state that bears the name has an area of over half a million square miles, with less than one quarter of a million settlers, mostly along the navigable rivers. Vast areas have never been explored, and are inhabited only by Indian savages.

For three months the rapidly dwindling company wandered aimlessly through this wilderness. At one point it came upon a deserted ranch, *La Fazenda do Aterrado*, on the bank of a river. The settler who had cleared the spot returned home one day to find that a band of Indians had attacked his ranch house during his absence, slaughtered his wife and children, and left their heads stuck on high poles in the yard. He became a raving maniac at the sight, and the whole vicinity has been shunned as accursed since that time.

Barra's account of his long wilderness wandering is vague and confused. He only remembers day after day of struggling through the pathless jungle, in complete ignorance of his position. In many places the sun never penetrated the dense foliage above. At others, tall lightning-blasted trunks alternated with decaying forest monarchs covered with fantastic festoons of parasitic vegetation. Swarms of mosquitoes made life a constant torture. Men died daily. With their growing hardships the old savageness and brutality of the miners disappeared. Moist-eyed, they gathered in circles around the shallow graves of their departed comrades and erected rude crosses over them. Provisions ran short. The water was not fit to drink. At night they often took to the trees for greater protection against venomous snakes and jaguars. The streams were infested with caymans. They lost themselves in great marshes, where weakened wanderers became hopelessly embogged in the slime. In some places the gases produced by putrifying vegetation were so dense that they strangled men.

Finally Oreste Barra, the German engineer, and a negro named Manuel were the only three left of the one hundred and sixty-four fugitives who

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had entered the forest. One day the negro, raving with fever, fell and did not rise again. The two survivors wandered on in delirium. The following morning, however, they came upon four natives, a man, a woman, and two children, — a family of nomadic Bororos, — who cared for them and eventually guided them to a little frontier settlement in the territory of Pará, from which they at last reached Pernambuco.

When Oreste Barra concluded his account of his tragic experience he shut his eyes for a minute and two tears coursed slowly down his cheeks.

'Pardon me,' he said, 'but I can't think of it without losing my self-control.'

He paused a moment, and then added: —

'Yet there's a fortune to be made out there. Who knows but what I may go back some day?'

DON QUIXOTE IN YANKEELAND[1]

BY J. M. POLAR

THESE extracts from *Don Quijote en Yanquilandia*, a clever romance by a well-known Peruvian novelist, originally appeared in *Mercurio Peruviano*, a literary monthly published at Lima.]

The Knight of La Mancha and his squire have been restored to life by a Yankee named Uncle Sam, who is keeping them in confinement with the intention of exhibiting them at a World's Fair. Don Quixote thinks he has been enchanted by a magician, and imagines that Miss Aguila Americana, the daughter of Uncle Sam, is Dulcinea, who is also enchanted. One night he and Sancho manage to escape, and they meet the following adventures.

The beasts carrying the two fugitives started off at headlong speed with the bits in their mouths, so that Sancho and Don Quixote were quite unable to control them. The valiant Knight, the words shaken violently out of him by the plunging of his horse, finally found breath to say: —

'I assure you, Sancho, that Rosinante has acquired a most unusual gait. She seems to have gone mad, and refuses to obey the rein.'

'And my beast,' gasped Sancho, clinging prostrate like a monkey to his ass's mane, 'is surely possessed of a thousand devils. He grips the bit in his teeth, and won't stop. I'm sure he's bewitched and is hurrying me headlong to some horrible precipice.'

The two animals persisted in their ungovernable pace, and neither Sancho nor his master could check them. The fat squire, with his fingers twisted in his beast's mane and his cheek glued against its neck, bobbed around like a pincushion, and had long since lost his hold upon the bridle. Don Quixote leaned far back, his gaunt knees thrust high in the air by his short stirrups, and knit his brows with a perplexed and angry expression.

[1] From *Revue de l'Amérique Latine* (Paris American-affairs monthly), *August* 1

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Just as day was dawning the good fortune, or ill fortune, of our travelers brought them to a place where a crowd of men had gathered at the gates of a great factory several stories high. Here the animals slowed down for breath, and Don Quixote and Sancho were at length able to stop them. The throng consisted of strikers demonstrating against their employer, the factory owner; but the sight of two such strange and fantastic apparitions as now approached took their minds for a moment entirely away from their immediate object. In the dim light of the early dawn the newcomers looked like phantoms. Some thought the good hidalgo and his squire were clowns, actors, acrobats, or gypsies advertising a show or telling fortunes. Their wonder increased when Don Quixote in a quiet voice and with a tranquil gesture inquired: —

'May I know the reason for this tumult?'

No one answered his question, and some began to jeer, but Don Quixote continued undisturbed: —

'If you are the victims of some injustice, say so at once. For I am a knight-errant, and therefore it is my duty to succor those who are in trouble and to right the wrongs of the oppressed.'

Upon hearing these strange words the crowd stared in stupid silence at the stranger. At length an aged, short-sighted laboring man, who could not see distinctly the extravagant get-up of our adventurers, and understood still less Don Quixote's words, imagining that the Knight was a mounted policeman, took off his cap respectfully and, stepping closer, explained what the trouble was. He said the owner of the factory had refused to raise their wages or to shorten their working day, and that the operatives were so oppressed that they had finally decided to strike. He added that they demanded justice, and believed the authorities should see they obtained it.

Don Quixote understood little of the workman's harangue beyond that it involved some question of righting a wrong committed by the feudal lord who resided in the great building in front of him. Therefore he replied: —

'Evidently this man whom you call "boss" is a great scoundrel, and he will have to settle with me if he does not render you the justice that you merit. Know, my poor and oppressed friends, that the Knight of the Doleful Figure stands before you to defend you and to right your wrongs, and that the villain who has thus taken advantage of your sad situation shall be punished with the severity that he merits. For it is for this that God has sent me into the world. Come now, where is the miserable knight who has thus offended justice?'

The strikers were utterly nonplused by this singular harangue, but the old laborer, gathering that Don Quixote wanted to see the proprietor of the factory, and still imagining that he was an official or a policeman, offered to guide him. The other workers, fond of the wordy oratory of the Yankee Republic, imagined that Don Quixote had been making a labor speech, and, though he certainly looked more like a clown than a conventional agitator, they followed to see the end of the strange affair. The old workingman who acted as guide conducted the Knight and his squire to a locked gate with an iron grating. Inside the grounds the angry owner, with a few of his superintendents and foremen, was pacing up and down, angrily declaring that he would never yield an inch to the strikers. Don Quixote ordered the gate opened with such an arrogant and resolute air that the gateman instantly obeyed, and followed by

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the crowd of workmen he entered the factory yard. The proprietor, a red-faced, apoplectic-looking fellow, thinking that his employees had decided to come back to work, approached with the idea of giving them a bit of sound advice. When he saw Don Quixote, however, his expression quickly changed, for he thought that the men had got up this masquerade to mock him. He was about to order the good Knight off the property when the latter solemnly addressed him thus: —

'Know, Sir Knight, that I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose unparalleled deeds of prowess in redressing wrongs and chastising scoundrels are recorded in history. It is in this capacity that I come to bid Your Grace render immediate justice to these needy and suffering people.'

The proprietor did n't know what to answer, imagining that Don Quixote was a madman. After a moment's silence, he said: —

'Come now, my good fellow, go back where you belong. We've no time for joking here.' Then, turning to the workers, he added, 'Either go back to work or get out into the street.'

Don Quixote listened to the proprietor's words with a contemptuous smile, and when he had finished said: —

'One can easily see, you varlet, that you are not a gentleman, or even a near-gentleman, for if you were you'd submit to the inevitable.'

'And who are you, then, you old scarecrow, coming here with your crazy talk?'

'Who am I?' replied Don Quixote, growing angry. 'Your Grace will see, you insulting scoundrel.'

And without further ado he set the lance in its rest, spurred his horse, and charged the proprietor with such violence that he knocked him down. The unhappy fellow tried to get up, but Don Quixote, standing high in his stirrups, threatened to run him through if he moved. The Yankee, who had never had such an adventure before, stammered out an appeal for mercy, thoroughly frightened by the expression on Don Quixote's face and the Knight's apparent intention to attack him again. The workingmen, startled by the sudden turn of events, retreated to the gateway undecided what to do.

'I admit I'm beaten,' the Yankee stammered, supposing his last hour had come.

Don Quixote, resuming his usual composure, said to the workmen: 'Enter, my brothers, and resume your work, for this Sir Knight will render you justice according to the laws of knight-errantry.' Then, turning to the factory owner, he added, 'Rise, varlet; my arms were not made to strike an enemy who has surrendered.'

At this point a squad of mounted police, having heard that a riot had occurred, galloped up to the factory. Their arrival promptly reassured the proprietor. Scampering into a doorway, he shouted to them to arrest the madman, who had tried to murder him.

'*Alguazils à moi!*' cried Don Quixote as they approached, and he set his lance in its rest with such a savage air that even the workingmen shrank back. Sancho rushed up to his master to calm him and to urge him not to get into a quarrel with the members of the Sacred Brotherhood, whom he took the police to be. An officer ordered him to submit to arrest, but the valorous Don Quixote, thoroughly aroused, charged him with lowered lance so furiously that he overthrew the first mounted policeman he encountered, together with his horse. But in doing so he himself was thrown. The workingmen hurried up and helped him to his feet. The excited factory owner gibbered something about damages. The police, thinking

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that they were dealing with an escaped madman, quickly bound the Knight so that he could do no more harm, and led him off, followed by the strikers, who now thought the whole affair a good joke.

How shall I describe the fright and lamentations of good Sancho in this critical situation? While he was hesitating whether to follow his master or remain where he was a policeman noticed him and, bursting into laughter, inquired, 'Who are you?'

'Me? I'm nobody,' answered the unhappy squire. 'That is, I don't know who I am or who my master is. But I hope Your Honor will understand that both of us, my master and I his servant, have been bewitched, and I don't know how we got here.'

'One can see that you're a rascal and a thief,' the policeman said.

'Thief? Me? I swear by my soul that I never took a thing that belonged to another. As to being a rascal, we're all that more or less. It's a word that rimes with "doctor," "poet," "fool," and all the other names they call people. If your Grace is of the Sacred Brotherhood — '

'What's the Sacred Brotherhood?' asked the policeman.

'Certainly Your Grace is as bewitched as I am, if he does not know.'

'You can't get around me that way,' said the policeman roughly. 'Move along. Get out of here.' He was growing indignant because several of the strikers had gathered around and, imagining that the officer of the law was getting the worst of the argument, had begun to laugh. Sancho, however, was too bewildered to move. So the policeman, seizing the poor squire's ass by the bridle, led him after his comrades, who were taking Don Quixote to jail. Meanwhile the valiant Knight, convinced that the men into whose hands he had fallen must be persons of low birth with whom it was beneath the dignity of his rank to quarrel, offered no resistance to his captors. Sancho, seeing his master a prisoner, and bruised and disheveled by his recent fall, lamented: 'See, Señor Don Quixote, the sad adventure we have met after escaping from the castle of Señor Don Sam. Oh, unhappy day that I allowed myself to be seduced by promises of islands and governments.'

Sancho would doubtless have continued thus to bewail his lot, but just then one of the policemen stopped a passing automobile and thrust the Knight and his squire into it. Two policemen took their seats opposite them, and the car sped off like the wind.

Don Quixote showed not the slightest surprise at this novelty, for his hallucination made him believe that these men were sorcerers for whom anything was possible. Sancho, however, shivered with fright and lowered his head like a frightened chicken, thinking his last hour had come. . . .

Later in the course of their adventures the Knight and his squire come to an experimental farm, which they suppose to be an inn. They order dinner of the superintendent, whom they address as Mr. Innkeeper, and who quickly surmises the character of his guests.

After dinner Sancho said to the superintendent: 'As we are knights-errant, we are not accustomed to pay anything at public inns.'

'What's that?' Mr. Williams exclaimed, feigning great indignation. 'Your master and you profess to be honest men, and yet you refuse to pay a little bill of scarcely twenty dollars!'

'What are dollars?' asked Sancho curiously.

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'You are badly behind the times, Mr. Squire, if you don't know that the dollar is the master in the world. It is the best money and the soundest money that ever was.'

'You should have said pesetas, or piastres, or maravedis. Then we should have understood. But coming back to our bill, Brother Innkeeper, you'll not get your dollars, for we can't change the usages and customs of chivalry over a mere bagatelle like money — the more so as we have n't as much as a copper to our names.'

Don Quixote paid no attention to the conversation between Mr. Williams and his squire, being utterly absorbed in watching the live stock being driven into the barnyard by the hired hands. But Mr. Williams turned to him and said: 'Is n't it true, Sir Knight, that we cannot honestly refuse a man his due — that whoever works has the right to be paid according to the value of his service?'

'That's true,' said Don Quixote. 'But a man should not be actuated by love of lucre, for it distracts him from the main object of his existence, which is to fulfill the divine command, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."'

'That's all well and good,' replied Mr. Williams, 'but I know, and all the world knows, that in our prosperous age, which is a thousand times better than any in the past, men devote all their energy to getting riches, both for the pleasure and for the honor these give them.'

'Amassing wealth,' said Don Quixote, 'was the vice and the ambition of men in the past, as it is in the present. It is an infirmity inherent in us poor sinners. But in modern times, as you say, this fever is far worse than it was in the good old days. I say "the good old days," because excessive love of wealth breeds mutual hatred, debases the spirit, beclouds the understanding, and withers the heart.'

'That's all right theoretically,' argued Mr. Williams, 'but in practice it is quite different.'

Both this statement and the confident manner in which it was made caused Don Quixote to reply with some asperity: 'Riches, sir, confer neither happiness nor good repute upon men. We should aspire to something higher and nobler. You, sir, are not expressing the real convictions of your heart. These should be your real guide. We can never agree, if we argue from mere conventions and not from ultimate truths.'

'I beg your pardon, Sir Don Quixote,' Mr. Williams hastened to interpose. 'I did in fact appeal to the practices of the majority rather than to my own beliefs. I really incline toward your opinion.'

Don Quixote recovered his composure at once, and remarked sententiously: 'It's an hallucination, or, better said, it is stupid folly, to live solely for the sake of accumulating wealth. Those who do so never have real peace and satisfaction in the world. They are beset by worries, they are preoccupied with buying and selling, they get no time for reflection and meditation, they are constantly alarmed lest they lose their property. More than that, a craving for wealth grows with its gratification. It is often strongest at the very hour of death, when men must leave all they have accumulated behind them.'

'Your Grace does not speak like a man of to-day,' said Mr. Williams, 'but you must have given some attention to economics.'

'Economics? What's that?' asked Don Quixote.

'It's the science of producing wealth and distributing it wisely.'

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'Well, Mr. Williams,' said Don Quixote, 'if that's what it is, it's not a new science at all. It's as old as human memory. It's what men have tried to do ever since they existed. But in my opinion you seek to apply science to a problem that can only be solved by the moral law.'

'I don't agree with Your Grace,' said Mr. Williams, 'for the moral law is a matter of the spirit, or of what we call the conscience within us, while economics deals entirely with physical things and physical needs.'

'That may seem so on the surface,' said Don Quixote, 'but it is not true in fact. Of course, it is impossible to endow all men with equal ability and equal opportunities to provide for their own support. But in view of this inequality, the moral law commands those gifted with the faculty of acquiring more to share their surplus with their fellows. That makes what seems on the surface a purely material problem really a question of the spirit, which discriminates between good and evil and practises equity and justice.'

Pondering a moment in silence, Don Quixote resumed: 'It is indeed a grave issue you raise, that of distributing justly the fruits of nature and of labor. We shall never solve it by abstract reasoning or subtle mathematics. It will never be settled until all men are honestly convinced that the earth is their common heritage and that every man has a right to his daily bread.'

Mr. Williams made no reply to this, and Don Quixote, after another short silence, added: 'It is already late. Such peace and quiet invite the soul to silent meditation.'

And, indeed, the tranquillity of nature — the gentle breeze, scented with the fragrance of the fields, the silence broken only by an occasional low bleating from the sheepfold or the cry of a restless night bird, the solemn peace of the starry heavens — encouraged a mood of calm reflection. Don Quixote might have sat there absorbed in meditation the whole night long if Sancho, whose eyes were heavy with sleep, and Mr. Williams had not insisted that he retire. Yielding to their entreaties, he stretched himself upon his bed and sank into happy slumber.

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OF MACHIAVELLI[1]

BY GIUSEPPE PREZZOLINI

Four centuries have passed since Machiavelli's death, and in these four centuries several Machiavellis have had time to be born. As a result we now have the Jesuits' Machiavelli, an enemy of the Church; the patriots' Machiavelli, the messiah of a unified Italy and the House of Savoy; the militarists' Machiavelli, a precursor of national armies; the philosophers' Machiavelli, who invented a new mode of thought — the practical spirit; and the Machiavelli of the writers, who admire his virile style and audacious syntax. And all these Machiavellis are legitimate.

[1] From the *Revue de Genève* (Swiss political and literary monthly), *July*

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There is also the illegitimate Machiavelli of the imbeciles. This Machiavelli is the creator of the code of political deception and the inventor of Machiavellism. This Machiavelli blossoms in every Italian's vest pocket and goes hand in glove with the figure that international cartoonists use to represent the typical Italian dressed up like a brigand with a sugar-loaf hat.

Poor Machiavelli himself was very different from the character depicted by people who have never read him, and was even more different from the character fashioned by people who mistakenly imagine that they understand his work.

His life can readily be divided into three distinct parts. The first — his period of preparation — extended from his birth in 1469 to his appointment to the secretaryship of the Florentine Republic in 1496. The second — his period of action — runs the length of his secretaryship, which terminated in 1512. The third period, consecrated to reflection and literature, extended from 1512 to his death in 1527.

We know very little of the first period of his life, but we can make many safe conjectures. His family lived in modest circumstances, — they were neither poor nor rich, — his father being a man of business, and his mother a devout believer. He surely studied Latin, both from necessity and from choice, but I also believe that he picked up a good deal of knowledge in the streets, as every self-respecting young Italian did. This was almost essential at a time when politics and affairs in general were conducted in public places and when Parliament consisted of a crowd of people assembled together in front of the Palazzo di Signori. Niccolò Machiavelli's first histories were written with a piece of chalk or charcoal on the sidewalks of Florence. One was entitled 'Relations, or Street Corner Battles,' and another was called 'Reports on the Affairs of San Frediano.' They described the fights between the little ragamuffins from various quarters of Florence. I believe he learned Latin by a rather different method from the one we follow nowadays. When Machiavelli read the Latin authors he wept, laughed, leaped, and yelled with enthusiasm. He paid no attention to grammar. To him the ancients were living people. He saw them; he spoke with them; he lived their life.

He also read the Italians, Dante and Petrarch in particular, but not for the beauties of their style. He learned from Dante to disdain faint-heartedness, and from Petrarch he acquired his love for Italy and his hatred of the Barbarians — in other words, the foreigners.

He saw Charles VIII descend upon Italy and conquer all that beautiful country without striking a blow. He saw him with his lance balanced on his thigh, looking like a triumphant hero, surrounded and praised by the people and the aristocracy. The clergy blessed him. Incessant celebrations, universal illuminations, and extravagant balls became the order of the day. Unwilling to defend themselves, the Italians received the invader with open arms.

He saw Savonarola first transported to the heights and then suddenly imprisoned and burned. But he never had any sympathy for this monk, whose pacifist doctrines he despised.

He saw the Pazzi conspiracy checked, and watched François being led naked and bleeding through the streets of Florence, beaten and insulted by the crowd, while 'without a murmur he looked everyone fixedly in the eye.'

He saw the mercenary troops empty the pockets of the Florentines and then revolt and desert at the critical moment

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when their leaders could no longer pay them.

With all this knowledge of ancient grandeur and contemporary baseness he entered the political life of his time. One of his letters, the earliest we possess, shows him before Savonarola in the Church of San Marco, listening to the preaching of the monk. His attitude differed from that of the other Florentines. In Florence you either adored or hated Savonarola. Machiavelli looked upon him coldly and did not believe in him, because he seemed to belong to another world. Savonarola, with his visions, his prophecies, and his belief in divine intervention, embodied the Middle Ages. Machiavelli stood for the modern world, for reason, causality, science.

When we think of Machiavelli as Secretary of the Republic we imagine him occupying a position of importance. This is not in the least true. Machiavelli was a very modest, second-rate employee, the kind that had to serve three or four Commanders and an Excellence. After a year or two the Commanders or the Excellence began to see that this little employee did not lack intelligence, and that he could be trusted with important reports and delicate missions — though they always signed these reports themselves, and took the credit for his missions if they turned out successfully. The title of Florentine Secretary rings gloriously in our ears. When we hear it we seem to see Machiavelli enveloped in a velvet toga, dealing with grave affairs of state. Nothing of the sort happened.

Niccolò Machiavelli was so impoverished that he sold the lard and eggs he needed for his own dinner in order to buy a brass basket for his office. His job was not arduous, and consisted of such secretarial work as writing and copying letters. In time of war he had to buy saltpetre, powder, provisions, and munitions, as well as to enlist workers and soldiers. He was, so to speak, the Jack-of-all-trades of the Committee of Ten, being content to address letters when he could have given counsel on political and military matters.

Gradually his superiors increased his responsibilities, giving him freer rein. First they sent him to Tuscany, then across the Apennines to the Pope, and finally beyond the Alps. It was at this time that he had the opportunity of meeting almost all the princes of his time and of visiting most of the republics, large and small. He made the acquaintance of Caterina Sforza, Pandolfo Petrucci, Louis XII, Maximilian, Alexander VI, Julius II, and the man who influenced him most of all, Cesare Borgia. He considered the Duke of Valentinois the model prince, the man to win the great Italian struggle and free the peninsula of the Barbarians.

Valentinois had a meteoric rise. He was more genial, cruel, energetic, and powerful than the other tyrants of Central Italy, and he succeeded for a time in chasing them out of their towns and palaces. He struck Machiavelli so forcefully that ever afterward he was cited as an example of what a man should do to make Italy independent.

After Valentinois's disappearance Machiavelli took as his master Piero Soderini, a gonfalonier of the democratic government. Here was an honest man, a scrupulous administrator of the law and the Constitution, a good leader in time of peace and a good captain in adversity. But this brave democrat hesitated before taking forceful measures, and was removed from power in 1512. Machiavelli lost his job at the same time, and, being suspected of some vague political conspiracy, was tortured and sent into exile for two years.

In order to understand exactly what

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befell Machiavelli, we may imagine him a subordinate official of the League of Nations, who attended all the meetings, lunched with Briand, translated for Stresemann, and circulated among the great personages at the Palazzo Chigi. Through a sudden change of political fortune this employee is discharged and sent to a village where the parish priest is the only cultivated member of the community, where there are no newspapers, and where the stationer sells only three bottles of ink a year.

What would become of such a person — one who had always been occupied with political affairs and could only think along political lines? Forcibly banished, he begins to speculate, not upon current politics, but on politics in general, on political principles, on what makes great statesmen, and what makes history. Machiavelli was no longer a secretary, but a philosopher; he was no longer an employee, but a thinker.

And what sort of philosophy did Machiavelli, relegated to the rural districts, finally evolve? It was founded upon the abysmally black background that he had seen in real life, upon the blind basis of Chance or Destiny that tires and pursues men without apparent design or reason. It is the cause of growth and decadence.

The great actors upon the scene are the states. These are born into the world, flourish, grow old, and die, just like men. They suffer from the same restlessness, the same struggles for success, the same annihilation. Stagnation and decay follow, until, filled with rottenness, they dissolve, or succumb to the blows of a younger and stronger state. Their only means of recovery is to adopt a strong position based on fundamentals; only then can they escape death.

These states always owe their existence to a man, a hero. Violence accompanies their birth. Heroes do not mutter the Lord's Prayer, nor are they ascetics. They may be holy men, but they must carry a sword or a bludgeon.

Men are licentious, avaricious, lying beasts, without faith and gratitude, egotists or rough diamonds. Either they lack a strong mind and cannot follow the right path, or they feebly waver and readily submit to force. Lacking backbone, they are victims of the first idea that strikes their fancy.

This material needs a mould to keep it from being brutish and uncertain. Politics is the stew in which we find ourselves, and the chef is the man with the rolling-pin in his hand or the clever trick up his sleeve, the one who can boast of being inspired by God or who may be suspected of being in alliance with the Devil, who can take a line and follow it. The lowly race of man has only two roads before it — dissipated bestiality, or subservience to the State. Laws are forced upon the best of us out of respect for our freedom and liberty.

Very few can be made to understand this, but those who seek only the 'common good' — that is, the good of the nation — are fewer still, and they owe it to themselves to obey the laws.

These things are the same at all times and places. Since men are all of the same low race, the formulas for grouping and ruling them are few and vary only slightly. From the time of the Greeks and Romans to the present, rulers, not laws, have changed. Ancient republics and modern monarchies both work on the same principle. If the saint seeks success, he must use the successful sinner's methods.

Machiavelli cherished no dreamy conception of the State, but dispassionately believed it to be a solid entity. To argue about forms of government he considered a waste of time. For centuries we have discussed the rela-

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tive values of monarchy and democracy, and whether the Pope should be superior to the emperor, but Machiavelli turned back those centuries and discovered new worlds. He invented the political telescope before Galileo invented the celestial one, and with his clear vision he ruthlessly investigated the constellations of the states in order to discover the laws governing their movement, their formation, and their fulfillment.

The chief force of their natural life is the 'virtue' of their citizens; but what is this 'virtue' that Machiavelli constantly associates with cruelty and craftiness, malice and good will, liveliness and laziness, trickery and expediency, prudence and audacity?

Machiavellian 'virtue' is human activity, always trying to take advantage of opportunities and attempting to develop ways and means to their full extent. It is an entirely modern conception, devoid of Christianity, and it is unchristian and uncatholic because it is unquiet. 'Virtue' is the opposite of goodness, though it is not malice. It is activity, beyond good and evil.

Forewarned and forearmed with this cynical clairvoyance, Machiavelli had no illusions concerning his contemporaries. They were like all other men, undisciplined and unorganized; smooth on the surface, rotten at the core. In Italy there had been too much art, luxury, and beauty, too much softness and cowardice. Someone was needed to rescue the unfortunate country from the Barbarians, to stop the petty wars, and to unite the country peacefully.

Machiavelli, a true son of Latium, saw in the Papacy the greatest obstacle toward a great and united nation. Camped in the most beautiful part of the country, it lived in constant fear that the monarchy would unify Italy as the monarchy had unified France. The Papacy itself was too feeble to dominate the nation, but it was just strong enough to prevent anyone else from doing so.

Moreover, the Vatican was a hotbed of corruption. The Christian religion might have been useful if the Popes had not stripped it of all the respect it should have commanded. They were responsible for Italy's loss of faith. To Machiavelli this seemed a very grave evil, since without faith the State could not hold together. The governing class might doubt, but the people must believe. Laws, moreover, would not be respected unless they contained something mysterious, hidden, and mystical which took them beyond the range of human criticism.

The forceful exploitation of Italian cowardice and the suppression of skepticism by sanctity were the problems of the hour. It was clear to him that individually Italians were better than foreigners but collectively they were inferior, for they lacked a strong prince to carry aloft a flag around which they could rally, one who would call the courageous citizens to arms, and revive those great social principles that made Rome a world power.

One day in a restaurant Machiavelli was speaking of the flag that should float over all the Italian people, when one of his friends asked: 'But what device would you place upon your banner?' Machiavelli stuck his index finger into a glass of wine and wrote upon the tablecloth in the beautiful formal court script: 'Italy united, armed, and declericalized.'

Machiavelli took refuge in the tavern of Sant' Andrea in Percussina. Arising early every morning, he went for a walk while the birds in the countryside about him sang their welcome to the dawn. Then he returned to his house, where he ate with his family the meagre repast made up of his small farm's produce.

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In the afternoon he would relax his mind in the tavern, playing cards with the butcher, the innkeeper, and two lime-burners, occasionally discussing the bad plays made in the course of the game.

But in the evening before entering his room he would remove his clothes which he had soiled by plebeian contact and dress himself in court garb. Then he would turn to his books and enter into spiritual conversation with Cicero, Tacitus, and Suetonius, for only there could he find proper mental nourishment. He questioned these true companions, and they answered him. He says that he transcribed their answers, and entitled this journal 'The Prince.' In this way he modestly announced a work that has lived in the thought and culture of the world for centuries.

When he had finished writing this little volume by the light of a Tuscan lamp, he offered it to Lorenzo di Piero dei Medici, who aspired at that time to become a great prince and to rule a united Kingdom of Italy. But on the same day one of his courtiers gave him a brace of hunting dogs, so the head of the Medicis spent the entire day admiring them, making them run, frolic, and pick up the scent. Not until evening did he remember the volume which lay upon his table, and then he summoned one of his servants, telling him to carry a couple of flagons of wine to the son of Bernardo Machiavelli with his compliments.

This was the return the Medicis made to the man who wished to make them great.

Machiavelli formed no attachments at this time, for the Medicis and the popular cause were equally distasteful to him. He stood neither for tyrants nor for democracy; he would serve no party. He had but one passion, his country; but one rule, reality, and he made reality a yardstick for men. The princes were tyrants, the republicans rabid provincialists, the general people plebeians. His code of realism made him rudely condemn his friends, his masters, and his compatriots.

The Swiss, lacking art and culture but enjoying power, were Machiavelli's ideal. He never spoke of artists in his books, and he must have detested the luxury and magnificence of the Renaissance movement. The Utopia he treasured at the bottom of his heart was an Italy like ancient Rome. In order to realize this dream he thought of mobilizing the soldiers and peasants in the neighborhood of Florence and of obtaining permission from the Republic to try to recruit an armed nation from among the farmers. He himself became an enlistment officer, and for several years he occupied himself with nothing but the national army. All his life he had preached the value of an Italian militia to replace the mercenary troops, but the peasant army cut a poor figure at the siege of Prato, where they fled in confusion.

Niccolò Machiavelli led a life of continuous disillusionment. Preoccupied with materialism and deceit, he was himself a great but thwarted idealist.

Though his friends gave him some consolation, his ingratitude toward the humble men and women who loved him should not be forgotten. These included his prison companion, Biagio Buonaccorsi, who praised him highly throughout all Florence; Pippa di Sandro, the widow of l'Impruneta; Riccia de Florence; Mariscotta de Florli; and Barbara, the singer whose virtues were not exemplary but who had at least given Niccolò a comforting love. Nor can we forget his equally brave wife, Marietta di Lucovico Corsini, who had infinite patience with her husband, and who never permitted him to leave home without shedding copious

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tears and forcing him to wear a scapular of the Blessed Virgin.

He also possessed some powerful friends, including Francesco Guicciardini, whose superior pessimism easily accommodated itself to the ways of the world. Here was a truer Machiavelli than Machiavelli himself. He entered public life by the ladder of honor, and was at once made ambassador to the King of Spain. Machiavelli entered by the ladder of service, and was made a subordinate employee. They had the same philosophies, the same regard for disenchantment, and the same love of facts. But Guicciardini had more experience than Machiavelli; he was born fifteen years after him, when the ruin of Italy was consummated. Machiavelli still worked hopefully, believing that Italy could be resuscitated. Guicciardini witnessed the gradual death of Italy, when the alliance of Pope and Emperor finished the country off. He helped push the tombstone over the grave and write the epitaph.

Niccolò Machiavelli died in 1527. The Medicis had fallen and the Republic was revived. But the Republicans did not want Machiavelli, who probably died of a broken heart when he saw that he had no more opportunities to serve his country.

He died with the lifelong cynicism that may be discovered in his portrait and in his comedies. It is said that when he was an old man he described a dream to his friends. He seemed to be in a court full of many poor miserable wretches. He asked who they were, and they answered: 'We are the Glorified of Heaven, for it is written in the Gospels, "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."' Then they disappeared, and he found himself in the middle of the Senate, where grave men discussed politics. He asked them who they were, and heard the reply: 'These are the damned in Hell, for it is written: "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God."' They disappeared, and a voice asked Machiavelli with whom he wished to go. He replied: 'Unquestionably with the latter, for they are the only ones in whose company I can entertain myself with the things that interest me.'

Once dead, he became more alive than ever. Machiavelli's true life begins with his death, for he was not understood during his own lifetime. Shortly following his demise the Counter Reformation sprang up, and the Jesuits were his first adversaries. They condemned him and burned his books, though they could not suppress him. Detested and feared, Machiavelli's theories repeatedly occur in the refutations directed against him and his work. They became a weapon of both civil and religious warfare. Machiavellian priests opposed Machiavelli. The princes used his principles against the Church. All tyrants banned *The Prince*, but saved it for themselves and read it in secret.

Finally the nineteenth century — Machiavelli's century — came. His unpublished works, letters, and the letters of his contemporaries, were printed. His ideas were resurrected in the fights for the freedom of nations, and the fights for large armies, for separation of Church and State, and finally in defense of 'activity,' the moral foundation of the Machiavellian philosophy. The nineteenth century thirsted for battle, and Machiavelli's whole philosophy is based upon the eternal struggle of life. The nineteenth century was antichristian because it denied peace between nations and men, it denied Arcadia and Paradise. Hence it was the century of Machiavelli.

We Italians honor this man because he is one of us, but above all because he belongs to all time, just like those

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other great Italians, Dante, Petrarch, Leonardo, Galileo, and Vico — men who have interested the entire world. But it must be remembered that he possessed those particular qualities that make him peculiarly our own, for he affirmed, not in poetry, but in politics, the need of a national army as the only means of forming a united Italian nation. For a while, when stupid people misunderstood the true Machiavelli, we were called his grandsons, and were ashamed of it. But today we see Machiavelli in his true light, an honest, strong, spirited man, whose thought ran several centuries ahead of his time. Now we are proud to be called his grandsons.

A BALZAC OF TO-DAY[1]

BY PIERRE KOHLER

WHAT do we know about Eglantine? That she is the foster sister of Bella and Bellita, and five years younger than they. She turns out to be the most beautiful girl in Paris — Fontrangues has no doubts on that score; and if he holds this opinion, it is founded on long observation at first hand. But Fontrangues, 'that gentle, ignorant, and good creature,' has 'a not very perspicacious heart.' In the eighteen months that have elapsed since *Bella* appeared that inoffensive gentleman has aged. He is a sexagenarian. He has not yet learned how to write letters or to solve problems; he pays hardly any attention to the difficulties with which the ingenious Giraudoux surrounds him. At best, all that Fontrangues can do is to set wolf traps and hunt with ferrets. If the game escapes him, his dogs are there to warn and help him. 'The forces of life were not sufficiently abundant in Fontrangues to enable him to consider setting himself up against a spirited woman of unfamiliar mien.' This unfamiliar woman is Eglantine. There she is, defined, created. We do not walk round about her. She remains a silhouette — even less, a reflection. She is a reflection of the pure but scintillating light of that distant star that has a way of suddenly turning into a flaming meteor — the spirit of Jean Giraudoux.

Bella died of a ruptured artery after she had attempted to realize the impossible reconciliation of two political adversaries, two families endowed with antagonistic qualities, the one legal, the other scientific. Her twin, Bellita, will be introduced to us presently, and between the two stands this unexpected sister whose nature has been sharpened by her life in a pension, by her activities in the city, and by her friendship with two old men. These three are not the conventional women of fiction; they have no point of contact with ordinary life.

Paul Morand has struggled to give us the same effect, for he too has understood that contorted faces in a glaring spotlight attract neither glory nor fortune, and that the French public

[1] From *La Semaine Littéraire* (Swiss literary weekly), *July* 23

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demands more substantial provender. By becoming a document himself he constructs his book. He records on a revolving disc, turning around a hundred times a minute, the resonances of three continents and four civilizations. Though he overwhelms us, his chronicle does not depend for its effectiveness on the powerful allure and the clear-cut relief characteristic of the true novel. Jean Giraudoux has not altered this method. He can only follow his own bent, which was never that of the novelist. His characters are never real people. They are like Eglantine and the Fontrangues twins; like Suzanne, who excites us by falling from Bellac into a tropical Pacific island; like Siegfried, whose two metamorphoses served as a pretext for a review of Germany and a eulogy of Limousin. They are instruments in an orchestra that Giraudoux directs with an enchanter's wand.

Each instrument has its own pitch. The Giraudoux symphony is more complicated than one would imagine, and more varied. By changing his themes, though he gives the appearance of going through an unvaried process, he modifies the relationship between himself and the characters who interpret him. He often says 'I'; and we know that he is the hero of his war stories. These he has told with the least possible pretension to heroism and the greatest reverence for suffering and death. He can be descried under the transparent mask of *Simon le pathétique* and beneath the light disguise of Jacques the egotist, as well as in other pupils in the *École des indifférents*. This confidant of young ladies can also be recognized the day he yields to the feminine tendencies in his delicate but virile nature and assumes the shape of Suzanne. Whether he releases the grotesque Elpenor on the bridge of the triremes and in the assembly of the Phæacians, or whether he audaciously sets the Dubardeau-Berthelots at odds with the Rébendart-Poincarés as he did in *Bella*, we always feel the presence of the charming creator, though his shadow never comes between us and his moving silhouettes. He follows his own line, he does not turn in circles, and he has given up evoking the spangled love-affairs of his youth. Another sign of his maturity is that he has stopped recalling his childhood days in the *lycée*, save when some map in an atlas or some picture in a history book makes him recall to us the scholarly development of one who attended 'the school of the sublime.'

Shall I confess that I yawned as I turned the first hundred pages of *Eglantine?* On certain damp summer evenings it is impossible to read the poets. You see I blame the weather, although I am ready to take the blame myself. It is never easy to lay this kind of thing up to a friend, especially one of those friends who never irritate you, since they manifest themselves only in the spirit, in beauty. Does *Eglantine* seem too slender to bear the weight of so much ingenious embroidery? That was the case with *Juliette*, three years ago, and it was so cordially received by the critics that I hardly dared to read it, for fear of being disappointed.

Thinking of this, I reflected that Giraudoux may have pulled another stunt out of his bag of tricks, though it was probably only a *tour de force*. Eglantine is an evanescent shade, whatever we may think of her beautiful flesh. Yet she becomes the pivot of a more firmly constructed book than any of its predecessors, a work of classic symmetry. 'It's useless, is n't it, to pursue further the refined sentimental history of the relations between Eglantine and Moïse and Fontrangues, between the Orient and the Occident?'

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And the author pursues it, after this modest and perspicacious declaration, for one hundred and sixty pages. We therefore pass on to him the charge of overrefined sentimentalism with which certain people tax him — though they fail to observe that this preciousness is borrowed, lock, stock, and barrel, from classical preciousness. We gladly lay that charge upon him because in return he has given us the suggestive contrast between the Jewish financier and the feudal Frenchman — the Orient and the Occident. The first is symbolized by that incomplete epitome of virtues and absurdities named Moïse. The latter is incarnated in the elegant phantom, more rich in nuances, that profound and eternally alive figure of the hunter Fontrangues, who cherished his own son Jacques and lost him, who cherished his daughter Bella and lost her too, and who finally becomes so attached to Eglantine that when she goes with Moïse he even detests his hounds, his stables, his forests. At length, quietly and firmly, he refuses the discreet and delicious offer of her love, and his disinterestedness, his honor, strike the final note in the concert.

Here are three volumes — and soon there will be four — in which Fontrangues appears with his friends, sometimes in the background traversing the glades, sometimes to the fore. It might be thought that Giraudoux was mistaken to undertake a *Comédie Humaine* since he has so little of the creative realist about him, and it would have been foolish had he not disposed of his light characters with the sure touch of an unembarrassed artist. His fancy manipulates many intertwined wires, it commands birth and death, measures the destiny of each character, without abusing our sense of reality. In his last book he complicated the affairs of his Muse by rudely thrusting a political situation upon her, and thenceforth no one can say that his heroes are all sympathetic simpletons. Even under this burden his Muse carried away the victory. And to-day he leads her back again to the boudoirs and dim chambers where the extraordinary Eglantine dances a silent ballet around a gentleman who pretends not to be awake. Once again the image has been transfigured by a poet's fancy and endowed with certain qualities of the present time. Many of our own most sensitive fibres are wound into that imaginary tissue.

The work of Giraudoux is more than a series of reflections, a symphony of impressions. He has recently been explained by being compared to the impressionists and put somewhere between Debussy and Monet. If I had to give him a name I should look for his prototypes among our contemporaries, and I should call him an expressionist, purging the word of its German overtone and recharging it with French force and Anglo-Saxon rigor. 'Expressionist' is the word that describes those eccentric scenes that he serves up to us like bizarre cocktails between courses. Many episodes in *Siegfried* give me this feeling; and I refer not only to the slapdash tableaux in which the author describes to us the anarchistic Germany of that period, — a combination of out-of-date romanticism and organized mechanism, — but I feel it also in his comic sense that seems to remind us of Molière's three hundredth anniversary. In *Eglantine* I have especially in mind Moïse's dream of the crucifixion of Christ in New York. Then there are morsels of highly spiced humor in the Paul Morand manner — incongruous, anachronistic episodes. These are well-proved methods of gaining comic effects.

Ordinarily, however, Giraudoux's humor is of a more unusual nature.

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It seems to be easy enough to formulate his style and attitude of mind; but this formula solves nothing — it only puts the final solution one degree further away.

The comic genius, if he is profound, proceeds with ideas and psychological traits; if he is superficial he confines himself to words and gestures, treating them with a mechanical sequence that has now become familiar to us all. Giraudoux exploits a method halfway between profundities of the heart and superficialities of vocabulary. He works with images. The more you try to discover his secret, the more original you find him. I recognize how much incentive he may have received from Laforgue's *Moralités légendaires* and the work of other prose poets in the Baudelaire tradition. Yet this is little enough to account for a form of art that has so many achievements to its credit.

Giraudoux often amuses himself by uniting dissimilar terms with fragile bonds in a single phrase. 'You were hard, sad, and cruel, as if I were turning into another man: an engineer with moustaches, always talking; a saint who would never be free in the afternoon; a child . . .' and so forth. Giraudoux is not at his happiest when he pushes this game to the limits of absurdity, though he does it much less frequently than his troublesome admirers lead us to believe. He lets himself be carried away by mere mechanics, by effects that he ordinarily directs himself with great finesse, and that he endows with many delicate and varied images. The imitators of Giraudoux find it easy to borrow his way of getting off phrases. Though he has more than one style, some of his cadences grate on one's ears. They run on and on, not hitched together with the customary 'and.' Fontrangues driven from his bed by an importunate reflection affords us an example of this kind of thing. 'He got up, impelled by the same reflex that drove his attacked ancestors to the murderess, went to the window, was calmed for a minute from his own fear of being attacked — not by his recent assailant, but by the foliage in the park, by a canal whose surface did not glitter, by a silence devoid of reflections, by the dark.'

Every poet chooses his images to suit his taste, and Giraudoux adopts several favorite themes. These include childhood in the country or in some definite class of society; the war, if need be, but especially its by-products; the atmosphere of ministries; the worldly round and bourgeois comfort; the toilet and its accessories of soap and perfume. Nature reënters this policed existence in walks through parks and gardens. Our hunter of images prefers to take his post on the edge of a certain domain, for he is adroit in catching on the wing whatever goes past him, whatever he finds evolving or changing. No theme appeals to him more than those unstable intermediate mental states that occur when one wakes up in the morning, or suffers from insomnia, or glides into the realm of sleep. Half of *Eglantine* is made up of these motifs.

With extreme ease, Giraudoux passes from one register to another, for he is supple and quick. The way he chooses also helps, for he has methods of his own that should be able to reveal to us the secret of his métier and the mystery of his inspiration. Of course one really needs a good many pages to do this, and I will endeavor to put it in a few lines. Let us try to sketch in bare outline the results of a study that would come to life if it were amplified.

In order to steer his course in the world of the senses and in order to keep

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his fanciful tricks subject to some rule, Giraudoux sets his own limits and submits the objects of his scrutiny to different kinds of localization. These are often bizarre. An imaginative, nervous child imposes on himself fictitious tests, submits his immediate surroundings to puerile measures and conditions of an entirely theoretic nature. In Giraudoux's phantasmagory we see serious people acting upon rules of this sort. Voluntarily he searches for alternative objects or moral phenomena. 'A régime of alternating sharpness and sentimentality domnated the Fontrangues family.' He amuses himself balancing fluid elements and administering a resuscitating dose that becomes the principle of a moral judgment. But above all he cherishes symmetry, and its opposite, the decomposition of figures and people into symmetrical parts or into units devoid of life. Here are two examples chosen from among a hundred. When he wishes to convey the idea that Madame Bardini, abandoned by her fantastic husband, is overcome by indignation, he says: 'Renée stood with her back to the mirror. Everything that was reflected there still belonged to the former Renée; all her back still consisted of nothing but tenderness and reserve — the gentle nape of her neck, her round shoulders. In front only the damage had been done.'

This taste for a lack of symmetry has produced in Giraudoux's work a multitude of beasts and men with dissembling eyes. 'The two little Thackeray brothers, Teddy with his blue eyes, Bill with his black eyes, played with their wall-eyed fox that they had cut in two lengthwise and divided according to the color of their eyes and whose tail they had pulled out whole.' Child's play? Something more. A point of view. A habit of mind that extracts profit from a certain amount of childishness. The need for a sensibility more original than ingenious. To understand what our fantastic creator of images gets out of one of these localizations, reread the marvelous passage in *Bella*, the one most heavily charged with emotion, where the amorous Philip, separated from the girl he loves by family hatred, has dinner at a club, where he finds himself sitting two steps away from her, sees her back, and communicates with her by a mute kind of language of the nerves.

What discreet force in such pages as these. What penetration, what fancy, what excellent taste. Mannerisms — yes; but mannerisms that cling as close to talent as the skin does to the muscles of the face. He plays on these mannerisms as a sensitive person expresses himself with lips and eyes, manifesting, almost in spite of himself, whatever his soul has to say.

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FOUNDATIONS[1]

BY MASSIMO BONTEMPELLI

OUR generation, on whom devolves the imposing duty of opening the doors of the third epoch in the history of Occidental humanity, has encountered during its adolescence a frightful danger. The disease with which we have been infected is Beauty — beauty with a capital B. Beauty is the apotheosis of materialism. It is purely feminine.

For centuries mankind has vainly absorbed itself in wild attempts to establish a type of virile beauty. We instinctively conceive of beauty as essentially feminine, and essentially a matter of appearance only. Hence arises the revulsion that everyone feels — including women themselves — for 'beautiful' men. Yet even in our attempts to establish a type of virile beauty, our taste for vulgarity has instinctively misled us into identifying this virile beauty with something feminine. When Athene wanted to have Ulysses appear very beautiful to Nausicaa she 'made his hair undulate in clusters down his cheeks like hyacinth blossoms.' Plato himself depicts attractive young men as being as desirable to look upon as women.

(Just a moment to warn you that I am not going to develop these remarks further, but merely wish to draw literary conclusions from them.)

An effort was made to counteract this misconception when people attempted to glorify the beauty of the athlete as the ideal of masculine beauty. But the athlete is just as repulsive as the 'beautiful' man. You can only imagine him in brutal attitudes. Up to the present time our search for virile beauty has led us to these two opposing misconceptions — the androgyne and the Hercules.

The feminine type of beauty has never been in doubt — it is universally accepted: a beautiful woman is beautiful to other women, and even to children. In the same way, before we can establish our virile ideal of beauty, we must remember that it has to be a type that everyone will accept, entirely apart from sex.

To-day, as we stand on the threshold of an epoch whose fundamental attribute will be virility, it is urgently necessary for us to decide this question. In other words, to measure up to our epoch we must at once understand that the male-type has to be ugly. Women have frequently understood this fact instinctively. In short, the male-type must have the opposite characteristics from those that women customarily possess and that we call beauty. The woman-type was Aphrodite. The man-type is not Apollo — it is Socrates.

Understand in the first place that one must know how to be ugly — which is not so easy a matter as might be supposed. It is not enough for a man to have the squashed nose, pop-eyes, twisted mouth, and other features that Socrates discussed with Kritobulos. Before boasting that he has attained the desired ideal of ugli-

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ness a man must possess a very singular combination and blending of these details; only then can he arrive at the magnificently ideal state of masculine ugliness. This statement supports my declaration that the evolution of the new art will follow the lines of 'virile ugliness.'

Artistic evolution has always been signalized by its gradual withdrawal from the ideal of beauty. In all literatures, creative activity begins by using verse: poetry is conceived of as being based on a rigorous rhythmical system — that is to say, on beauty in the form of attitude. Further development of literary creation engenders the virile use of prose.

Our incompetence and repugnance at expressing ourselves in measured stanzas bear happy testimony to the refinement of our sensibility: lyric poetry — if we can conceive of that passionate and inferior form of literature at all — is only capable of being written in free verse. Our epoch has rejected the metrical system of the classical world, and even prosody, the accent and rime system of the romantic world, for we have a presentiment of our virile destiny. The last romantics, — our leaders in pre-war days, — with their puerile love for negroes and manikins, foresaw the necessity of getting away from beauty.

Christianity won the first victory over beauty. This explains why Nietzsche — Nietzsche the Misunderstood, the Precursor of the Third Epoch — insisted on making the mistake of considering all ugliness the sign and symbol of degeneration. Going beyond the ideal of beauty should not lead us to what might be called 'quasimodism,' or hunchback worship, which was one of the most depraved attitudes of the romantics.

Christianity has done what Alcibiades asked for in the banquet — it has disclosed Silenus; it has led us into the interior of man. Our second epoch has been engaged in this exploration.

The romantic period closed in the final corruption of this attitude. When you have arrived at the ridiculous cult of passion, at 'psychology at any price,' and at every variety of nonsensical intimacy, art must understand that it must play a new rôle. Here lay the second contamination with which we were menaced — and it was more dangerous than the other. Two microbes, psychology and æstheticism, mingled together in our veins to test our powers of resistance and our capacity to react and renovate ourselves. If art really sees fresh possibilities gleaming before it to-day, it must eschew beauty and introspection.

It is no longer a question of making people's flesh creep, of making their muscles jump, or of pouring out one's soul. The thing to do is to create objects destined to live independently of ourselves, detached from ourselves, and through these objects to modify the world.

These statements do not in any way deny the philosophic conception of art as pure lyricism, an unassailable conception from the idealistic and metaphysical point of view. Our observations possess a purely empiric significance — they assume the work of art to be completed and to be alive in its own right. This attitude is particularly necessary to-day because the empirical degeneration of this conception has been justifying the worst decline of art and good taste.

The spirit I evoke is the spirit of architecture. Architecture is rapidly becoming anonymous. Architecture is remodeling the earth's surface. It completes itself and perpetuates itself by absorbing the forms of nature. Poetry should do the same thing,

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fashioning stories and characters capable of spanning the whole world, like emancipated young people who have been able to forget the house in which they were born and grew to maturity.

It is very interesting to notice that the first wave of reaction against the poverty of the psychological realism of the last generation has expressed itself in certain writers by means of irony. Irony is the artistic form that our shame at our feelings assumes. It enables us to escape from contingencies, and delivers us from too close a contact with the surface of things. It is a step in the direction of superior clarity, a just transition from the conception of the work of art as subject to the conception of the work of art as object.

In following the course I have indicated, the poet of to-day should use personal material that will consist more of movements than of states of soul, more of excitations than of sentiments. I believe that music has already gone some distance in this direction, to judge from the craze for jazz bands. From this point of view, it is obvious that French vaudeville, from Labiche to *La Dame de Chez Maxim*, has played a much more important part in the history of the nineteenth-century theatre than Ibsen did.

In literature the story-teller pure and simple marches in the front ranks of progress, especially if his plots hinge on intrigue. In this type of story or novel everything has become exterior, and nature and history provide the lyrical element. The various cults of realistic description, psychological analysis, sentimental vibrations, and successive milieus, which were so highly esteemed by the most important nineteenth-century novelists, and which were regarded as ends in themselves — all these have acquired among the modern novelists of intrigue a purely instrumental value; they have become simple motors run by the central dynamo of the story itself. I have in mind the elder Dumas, whom no critic has yet been able to study, and whom we shall regard twenty years hence as the writer closest to our tastes, our demands, and our renovated æsthetic creed. Is n't it obvious how this new creed will sever us from any academical connections and will bring us into closer touch with the public?

Obviously our contacts with the three-dimensional world will be different from those of Dumas, in respect to both history and nature. The long obsequies of romanticism have culminated in a magic operation that releases us into tracts of unfamiliar country. Thanks to this release, we feel, in all our adventures of every day, fresh gusts of wind laden with an atmosphere that we are not yet able to define. This clearing of the air, as it were, in which the ironic element fulfills its purpose, this exhibition of tight-rope walking, as the critics call it in their eagerness to make one word cover a multitude of personal problems raised by the new writers, is nothing more or less than the first evidence of the new direction we have taken and of the new horizons that are unfolding before us. It has also been called, especially in painting, 'metaphysics' — by no means an inappropriate word.

For my own part, I have picked out the jazz band and alluded to the serial novel. I might also mention the possibilities of the moving picture, where the art of the writer, freed from the burden of words, can expand in all its purity and perfection.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

The Death of Robert de Flers

FRANCE lost one of her most important literary figures when Marie-Joseph-Louis-Camille-Robert Pellevé de La Motte Ango, Marquis de Flers, died. First as a playwright, later as a soldier and diplomat, later still as a member of the French Academy, to which he was almost unanimously elected to fill the seat of the Marquis de Ségur, and finally as literary editor of *Le Figaro*, this industrious and brilliant man exemplified many of the finest features of a tradition that is fast passing away. He was born in 1872 at Pont l'Évêque, of an old Norman family whose antecedents include a brother of Joan of Arc, a pirate of Norwegian extraction named Jean Ango, and a general of the French Revolution period. Although he was brought up in the severe atmosphere that penetrated most of France after the defeat of 1870, Robert de Flers had the good fortune to come of age during the naughty nineties, when artists were artists and everyone, even a gentleman, had a chance to make his way in the world of Bohemia. His first book, describing his journey to Naples, Athens, and Constantinople, was crowned by the French Academy. Next came a collection of short stories and sketches, and in 1896 he published his first novel, *La Courtisane Taia et son singe vert*, which he dedicated to Anatole France.

Most of the fame of Robert de Flers rests on the light comedies and *opéras bouffes* that he wrote in collaboration with Arman de Caillavet, husband of the lady whose salon Anatole France used to patronize. The first of these, *Les Travaux d'Hercule*, was produced in 1901; the last, *L'Habit vert*, in 1913. In 1915 M. de Caillavet died.

When war broke out, Robert de Flers volunteered, and he was assigned to duty in Rumania. He reached his post at great personal danger, and fulfilled his mission as liaison officer so successfully that he was awarded the Croix de Guerre with two palms and the Grand Cross of the Rumanian Crown. From 1917 to 1919 he occupied the post of French *chargé d'affaires* in Bucharest, where he became a close friend of the Rumanian Royal Family. In 1920 he was elected to the Academy, and soon afterward took over *Le Gaulois*, along with Alfred Capus, quitting the *Figaro*, but he returned when François Coty bought the paper in 1922. Our November 15 issue contained a characteristically spirited article on Stresemann from his lively pen. Robert de Flers lived an active, varied, and useful life. He embodied many of the best qualities of the French temperament — versatility, brilliance, and, when the crisis came, courage and ability of a high order.

Wells and the Critics

THE appearance of Mr. H. G. Wells's new novel, *Meanwhile*, aroused more political than literary criticism in the British press. On the day it was published, the *Daily Herald's* chief headline screamed, 'Put That Pipe Down, Mr. Baldwin!' H. M. Tomlinson's review, written entirely from a partisan standpoint, followed. While other critics agreed that the chief characters

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were weak, that the book was n't a novel at all, and that the whole performance far from measured up to Mr. Wells's best work, Mr. Tomlinson had only praise. Even from a literary point of view — although he denied all pretensions to critical ability — he commended the work warmly. 'I'll wager that if any reader of the *Daily Herald* once enters the Italian house in which *Meanwhile* opens, and meets Cynthia, the lady of the house, he will stay there and enjoy himself to the end of the party,' says Mr. Tomlinson. 'There are jolly chapters in which the modern world is discussed and Sempack talks scientific good cheer at large; very like Wells himself. As for what Wells thinks of the work of Baldwin, Churchill, Jix, and Co., what *could* a civilized man think of solemn witch-doctoring that would evoke contempt and laughter in any walk of life except the political?'

How different is the attitude of the *Morning Post* toward 'the sage of Easton Glebe,' as E. B. Osborne calls him. 'Full of seething sociology . . . faint twitterings of sex interest . . . an utterly unpardonable use is made of the names of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Thomas . . . the subtitle of the book should not be "A Portrait of a Lady," but "The Cartoon of a Cad."' What Mr. Osborne objects to particularly is Mr. Wells's complacent unorthodox view of life. 'The sensitiveness of his mind and his fineness,' he says, 'are shown by the most odious insinuations against everyone who has not the same social, political, and economic opinions as Mr. Wells.'

For more measured judgments we must turn to other organs than these two violent journals. The *Outlook*, *Spectator*, and *Athenæum* agree that as a book *Meanwhile* is on the whole a failure, but they all feel, with varying intensity, that the author's gusto carries it off. The *Westminster Gazette* and the *Manchester Guardian* both credit Mr. Wells with scoring off his Tory adversaries, though neither paper denies certain flaws that the *Daily Herald* disregards. Wells has come to occupy a place in the national scene roughly similar to that held by the country's impossible cuisine, and he is accepted in the same way, as a gratifying natural phenomenon.

Goethe's Turkish Blood

THAT Turkish blood flowed in the veins of Goethe is the latest claim of German genealogists, and in the *Kölnische Zeitung* Dr. Neils Hansen explains how this has been proved. Although the family tree of Goethe's father contains a number of literary branches, his maternal grandmother's antecedents possess much more significance and interest. They include, what Dr. Hansen calls the Schroeter-Pontanus-Cranach group, the most famous members of this line being the painter Lucas Cranach and Gregorius Brück, Chancellor to Frederick the Wise. But it appears that scholars have been so busy following up these two clues that they have until recently ignored the even more important Soldan strain, which has now been traced directly back to either Turkish or Arabic sources in Palestine.

It is an accepted fact that Goethe's ancestors included a certain Heinrich Soldan of Frankenburg in Hesse. This man's son attained considerable prominence between 1490 and 1507 as an architect, and later as a burgomaster. Knetsch's authoritative study entitled *Goethe's Ancestors* goes no further back than Heinrich, but new investigations by one Robert Sommer have linked Heinrich Soldan with the original bearer of that name who came to Germany about 1300 with Count

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Reinhart von Würtenberg. After Akka, the last Christian stronghold in Palestine, had fallen into the hands of the Saracens, the German crusaders returned home, and for about ten years many of them roamed the country. Among these was Count Reinhart, referred to elsewhere as the Count of Lechmotir, in honor of a Syrian town he had once occupied. He was accompanied by the Turkish officer Sadok Seli Soltan, whom he had taken prisoner, and who is recorded as having been baptized a Christian in the Church of St. John in Bracana, as the town of Brückenheim in Wurttemberg was then known. Two contemporary accounts of this event have been satisfactorily reconciled by Herr Sommer, who shows that one of Soltan's three Christian sons, Melchior, can be identified as the grandfather of Goethe's acknowledged ancestor, Heinrich Soldan.

When the original Turkish officer was christened he changed his name from Soltan to Soldan, having married the year before a certain Rebecca Dohlerin. Three of his boys — known as the *Soldani Magni*, and named Eberhardus, Melchior, and Christianus — remained Christians, but eight others slipped away from the fold, and even eluded the grasp of German genealogists. The three Christian Soldans, however, launched three distinguished branches of the family, all of whose members enjoyed a great reputation for independence, their peculiarities being inherited intact by all their descendants, both male and female. One of them became a wild-eyed Lutheran; others made names for themselves as architects, painters, and goldsmiths. Goethe's ancestors of the Melchior line specialized in the arts, but they all manifested the independence of spirit that Goethe himself expressed during his youth. Having found this key to part of his character, German scholars are already reading between certain lines of Goethe evidences of his Oriental blood. This seems much too far-fetched. As well say that Keats was descended from a Greek fruit-dealer because he wrote an ode to a Grecian urn.

Arson on the Thames

NATURE copied both art and proverb when a Mr. Gavin Henderson of London was haled into court for attempting, perhaps unconsciously, to emulate the hero of a Chesterton story who set the Thames on fire. The prank came as the climax to the bachelor dinner he gave in honor of his own approaching marriage to the Honorable Honor Phillipps, daughter of Lord and Lady Kylsant. An honorable time was had by all — for Mr. Henderson himself is the eldest son of the late Colonel the Honorable Harold Henderson, and grandson and heir of Lord Faringdon.

Four summonses followed this gay outbreak of wholesome British fun. The first was for 'willfully causing oil to pass into the Thames, contrary to the provisions of the Thames Conservancy Act.' The second and fourth referred to the procuring of unknown assistants, and the third summons related to 'unlawfully doing an act injuriously affecting the safety of the Thames by burning petrol.' From this exact terminology of the law the ingredients of the drama can be readily reassembled.

In defending his client, Mr. Roland Oliver, K. C., gave a lively picture of the evening's proceedings. At nine-thirty Mr. Henderson and thirty boy friends assembled for dinner at the Phyllis Court Club on the banks of the Thames. Having eaten and drunk their fill, they adjourned to the lawn

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at eleven-thirty. At this point several members of the party collected eight two-gallon cans of petrol from a near-by garage and poured their contents upon the waters. 'Then,' as Mr. Henderson's lawyer said, 'someone or other, in an excess of folly, set fire to it.'

The flames leaped so high that they attracted the attention of the police. The secretary of the club described hearing 'an exclamation of horror from one of the waiters' and seeing 'a sheet of flame of really appalling dimensions.' Trees and creepers near the river were scorched and burned, and a grand stand, erected for a regatta, only escaped by inches. The petrol, very properly, was put on Mr. Henderson's bill, which amounted to a hundred guineas, and he wrote the club a lovely letter of apology from Italy. Although he agreed to pay for any damage, he had not laid himself open to criminal charges, since he had not set the fire. As the other members of the party were also gentlemen, — their conduct during the evening being sufficient proof of that, — their names were not revealed. Thus they could not be arrested. And Mr. Henderson was let off without so much as a scolding.

Beer for Breakfast

Civilized communities have long since ceased to marvel at the British custom of drinking tea at breakfast — such atrocities of diet arouse no surprise in a nation whose knowledge of the vegetable world is confined to the pungent cabbage. But a recent advertisement issued by the Empire Marketing Board has called attention to the brighter days of long ago, when beer occupied the place of honor at the morning meal. In its campaign to extol Imperial products and to persuade Englishmen that it is their patriotic duty to purchase Australian apples, New Zealand honey, and, for all we know, Canada Dry ginger ale, the aforesaid Board announced that tea cost one hundred times as much during Queen Elizabeth's reign as it does to-day. At once the London Council protested that the statement was a gross inaccuracy, that tea was unknown in England during the reign of the virgin but not abstemious queen, who liked her beer strong and early. Both the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Daily Telegraph* commented editorially on the situation, pointing out that Pepys, a comparatively rich man, had his first cup in 1660, and that not until the time of 'great Anna, whom three realms obey' had tea come within anyone's means, and that even then the price was nearly one hundred times what it is now.

Earlier references to tea do occur. In 1658 the *Mercurius Politicus* published an advertisement announcing, 'That excellent and by all physitians approved China Drink, called by the Chineans Tcha, by other nations Tay, alias Tee, is sold at the Sultaness Head.' Twenty years later the use of tea was referred to as a 'filthy custom, the base unworthy Indian practise,' and in that year less than five thousand pounds were sold throughout the country. George I saw his subjects consuming four hundred thousand pounds a year, and by the end of the eighteenth century this figure had risen to nearly twenty-four million.

But the little satisfaction we might take in thinking of the rise of tea turns to dust and ashes when we stop to consider that the success was gained at the expense of beer. Time was when the fortunate servants in Scottish houses took beer with their oatmeal, but those days have gone forever. Tea has become the approved drink for the men of the new generation, and

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when one contemplates the Shoppes in which it is dispensed the change hardly seems to have been for the better.

Religions of the World

According to statistics compiled by the *Universe*, a British Roman Catholic weekly, although adherents of the Church of Rome outnumber those of any other single religious body, there are more non-Christians than Christians in the world. This estimate, based on the *Statesman's Year Book* 'and other available sources,' does not lay claim to being perfectly accurate, as only two thirds of the earth's inhabitants are officially enumerated, many of whom do not state their religious affiliations. The Christians, including as they do three hundred and thirty million Catholics, two hundred and ten million Protestants, and one hundred and forty-four million members of the Orthodox Greek Church, embrace thirty-seven per cent of the world's population. Three hundred million Confucianists include sixteen and a half per cent of the world's population, and the Mohammedans, Buddhists, and Hindus follow, in the order named, with believers numbering two hundred and thirty-five, two hundred and seventeen, and two hundred million, respectively. The fifteen million followers of the Jewish faith comprise only seven tenths of one per cent of the entire population of the world.

Comparing these figures with those given in the *World Almanac*, certain curious discrepancies emerge. That compendium has been running the same table for the past few years, and it credits the Confucianists with the greatest number of followers — three hundred and one million. It estimates the Catholics at only two hundred and seventy million, instead of three hundred and thirty, and the Protestants at one hundred and seventy, instead of two hundred and ten. The rest are roughly the same as the figures given in the *Universe*. Since the districts most open to doubt are those populated by non-Christians, it is curious that the disagreement should occur in the very parts of the world where accuracy and consistency would be most expected. Either the figures in the *Universe* indicate a considerable increase throughout all Christendom, or someone has made a slip.

The Poincaré Cabinet Dines

It was Tardieu's idea. For just a year, Poincaré and his All Star cabinet, drawn from the ranks of every party, had been in office. It seemed to be up to the boys to offer their chief some kind of testimonial. As good Frenchmen, they naturally thought of a meal, the only drawback being that the guest of honor might refuse to attend. But Barthou, his friend and political supporter, assured them that the great Lorrainer had attended a similar party in 1923, and he expressed himself as only too glad to convey the invitation himself.

The first thing Poincaré asked was, 'Will there be speeches?' and when he was assured that it would be a purely family affair he agreed to come.

On reporting the good news to his confrères, Barthou declared that a mere meal was not enough — some little token of remembrance should also be offered.

'A box of cigars?' suggested Herriot.

'A watch?' volunteered Painlevé.

But Poincaré never smokes and never misses a date, so other suggestions were in order. Finally all but M. Marin agreed on a book, the dissenter claiming that they were turning the occasion into a Prize Day exercise. Barthou

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severely pointed out that only one person would receive a prize, and a magnificent copy of *Ilsée*, by Robert de Flers, was purchased forthwith.

Everything ran smoothly until Barthou came to the point of handing over the volume, after a neat presentation speech. All of them, including Poincaré, were so gripped by emotion that a tense silence ensued, which Tardieu broke with these words: 'Come on, Barthou, give him his book — he's earned it. Anyone would think you wanted to keep it yourself.'

More wise-cracks followed.

'I,' said M. Briand, 'with my eleven ministries, have beaten his record in numbers, but not in duration.'

'I hold the record for brevity,' announced M. Herriot good-humoredly, 'with my three-day cabinet.'

Eleven of the twelve statesmen smiled, while Poincaré grimly remarked: 'Quite so, gentlemen; but you have time, whereas I have none to lose.'

And with these words he tucked his book under his arm and hurried away down the Rue de Rivoli.

French Illiterates

THE American tourist who marveled that in Paris even the children could read and write French with ease, and therefore concluded that the country was on a high intellectual plane, will be disappointed to learn that illiteracy is increasing over there. As usual, the Frenchman blames it on the World War, and as usual he also ignores statistics, for the number who can neither read nor write is seventy times greater in his own country than in Germany. Three hundred and fifty Frenchmen in every ten thousand are completely illiterate, while Germany contains only five for every ten thousand of her inhabitants.

Part of the blame may be attached to the inefficient administration of compulsory education laws, for school attendance has shown a marked decrease between 1922 and 1925. The entire primary-school system has been called to judgment, while criticisms, suggestions, and systems have grown with mushroom rapidity. For example, experiments are now being carried on with the Thirty-second Regiment of Artillery at Vincennes, in which illiteracy was formerly only ten per cent but has recently increased to seventeen. Instead of the usual official instructor, a young lady teaches the Breton privates how to write in twenty-five lessons. She had previously experimented with her own children and devised a system based upon the fact that all letters are composed of straight lines and circles. So she divided the alphabet into two parts, those letters formed on the I principle and those on the O. Although the penmanship taught in this way assumes a slightly cubist appearance, it is very legible, the assumption being that if a man can write he can also read.

Perhaps this system will help to lift the stigma of illiteracy from the country that considers itself the centre of modern civilization.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Sur la Route de l'Inde, by Maurice Pernot. Paris: Hachette, 1927. 12 fr. 50 c.
En Asie Musulmane, by Maurice Pernot. Paris: Hachette, 1927. 12 fr. 50 c.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

In these two small but closely packed volumes a talented French writer and traveler covers a very large field — in the first one Egypt and India, and in the second Turkey and the former Arab provinces of the Ottoman Empire, Persia, and Afghanistan. His main purpose has been to study on the spot the various symptoms of Asian revolt against Western ascendancy, which he groups together under the sober heading of *L'Inquiétude de l'Orient.* Though, or perhaps because, M. Pernot had already visited and written about the Near East before the war, his second volume, even when he deals with Persia and Afghanistan, which he had not hitherto visited, seems to be still very often colored by the traditional French tendency to suspect Great Britain of deeply calculated and far-reaching designs; he reads her Machiavellian methods even into the confusion and inconsequence of Lloyd Georgian policies after the war. If Gladstone once described the barbarous followers of the Sudanese Mahdi as 'rightfully struggling to be free,' we need not resent our author's sometimes rather undiscriminating readiness to place a similar interpretation on nationalist movements in the East when they are ostensibly anti-British. We may even feel for him in his obvious embarrassment when, as in the case of Syria, the struggle is against French domination, and he is driven to take refuge in such curiously irrelevant regrets as that England was allowed to 'amputate' Mosul — not from Turkey, but from the Syrian heritage which had properly fallen to France! The majority of Englishmen are apt to believe that England is always in the right, and to be rather indifferent whether she is or is not loved by her subject races. Not so the Frenchman. He is still, perhaps unconsciously, swayed by the doctrines of Jean Jacques Rousseau upon the natural rights of man, and by the equalitarian principles of the French Revolution. He has little or none of the racial prejudice which sometimes solidifies with us into a definite 'color bar.' In the French colonies he seldom displays toward the natives the social aloofness which has made both for strength and for weakness in our oversea possessions. The wealth of modern French literature dealing with the psychology of colored races itself testifies to a much more frequent and intimate understanding of native life than Englishmen, with few exceptions, care even to strive after. Frenchmen like, therefore, to believe with M. Pernot that France has an invincible hold on the hearts of all the 'oppressed' peoples of the colored world, and that, whatever or whenever it may seem to be shaken, the explanation must be sought in the machinations of her rivals or in the weakness and blunders of her own rulers. But if allowance is made for this peculiarly French angle of vision, M. Pernot's description of new conditions in the old Asiatic homelands of Islam will be found extremely graphic and instructive.

English readers who care to know how others see us will turn probably with greater interest to our author's survey of the present situation in India. A keen if sometimes rather bewildered observer in a bewildering country in which everything was new to him, he visualizes at once and portrays very vividly the violent contrasts which the elemental forces of nature, as well as the clash of an ancient civilization indigenous to the soil with the modern and imported civilization of the West, present at every turn even to more experienced eyes than his, and he seeks enlightenment in every quarter. Perhaps the most valuable feature in his work are the conversations, which he reproduces, faithfully and impartially, with

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representative men of different creeds, classes, and races. He warmly acknowledges the courtesy with which he was received by Lord Reading, who was then Viceroy, and by provincial governors and by all the British authorities with whom he came into contact. But it was perhaps naturally the Indians whom he found most forthcoming. The more 'advanced' were their views the more anxious were they to pour out their tales of woe, whether of political oppression or economic exploitation, to a foreigner ready to listen patiently, though with occasional suggestions of polite skepticism, to their wildest overstatements. In Calcutta, where he notes the European monopoly of trade and finance and industry and the appalling contrast between the vulgar opulence of the European quarters and the abject squalor and misery of the overgrown and crowded native city, he is almost inclined to believe in the economic exploitation of India; but he sets forth the ample evidence afforded in an opposite direction by Bombay, where he sees the wealth and enterprise of the Indians growing apace on all sides and already indeed predominant. He is more favorably impressed by the otherworldliness of the visionary Gandhi than by the rhetoric of his successor in the leadership of Swaraj, the late Mr. Das, who, when M. Pernot inquired whether British rule had not done something for the advancement of Indian women, blandly assured him that that was a complete delusion, and that such progress as they had made began only after they had renounced habits and customs imported from England and returned to the traditions of their own country! The brothers Ali treated him to their most violent anti-British tirades; and one of them observed sadly, if rather enigmatically, that until the war the Indian Mohammedans had looked to France, because France protects, but England oppresses.

He had three quarters of an hour with Mrs. Besant, who, though she never used the words 'England' or 'English,' managed to convey her meaning, and even to startle him by the fire of her wrath and scorn for the 'alien' rulers of India — a country which until the advent of the East India Company had, she assured him, enjoyed millennial peace and prosperity with village institutions at the base and blameless rulers whose function and whose pride it was to protect their people. When questioned upon the feud between Hindus and Mohammedans, she bids him observe how little antagonism there is between them outside those parts of India that are subject to direct British authority, and how well they contrive to get on together in the independent native states — Kashmir, for instance, and Hyderabad. The traveler afterward proceeds to Hyderabad; and in the capital of His Most Exalted Highness the Nizam, the premier among the ruling princes in India, and a Mohammedan, he meets an Italian missionary who, in a long conversation most fully recorded, talks to him in very different language: —

> Without the English, where would this country be? I have lived in India for more than thirty years. I remember what it was like then and I see what it is now. The English have created a peasant proprietary out of a population of serfs. They have combated pestilence and famine. . . . You have only to compare the relative prosperity of the provinces of British India proper with the precarious conditions in such autonomous native states as this one, in which I need not stress the corruption of the state officials, exceeding here all that may be seen elsewhere, or the perpetual menace of troubles due to religious fanaticism. Such guaranties of peace and order and freedom as the inhabitants enjoy they owe to British control. . . . Were the English to go, all these people left to themselves would tear one another to pieces, and India would soon revert to the anarchy and misery from which it has been hard enough to redeem it.

No other testimony quoted by M. Pernot in support of the British raj is quite so emphatic, and he himself is reluctant to formulate any definite conclusions. These he leaves his readers to draw from the conflicting evidence which he has diligently collected and set forth with no mean skill.

The Life of the White Ant, by Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. London: Allen and Unwin, 1927. 6*s*.

[*Nation and Athenæum*]

M. MAETERLINCK, returning to the study of insect communities, has found in the termite, or white ant, a subject almost as

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fascinating as that of the bee, and one which is far less familiar. His method in compiling this monograph has been, as before, to collect accurate but widely scattered facts into an harmonious grouping, enriching them with his own reflections and interpretations. Such a work is vastly different from the writings of direct observers, who seem to the author 'scarcely to appreciate the extraordinary nature of the insect they are studying.' M. Maeterlinck has none of the scientist's objectivity and disinterest; humanity is still the real hero of his drama, and if he turns to insects it is to point out their relationship and analogy to man. It is characteristic of his outlook that, while the hive seemed too happy a community for comparison, the termitary, with its underground life of impersonal tyranny, of persistent and entirely futile sacrifice, is represented as foreshadowing, more obviously than any other organization, our own destiny.

In the termitary there is a complete differentiation of type according to function, and an absolute communism reigns. The workers, blind, wingless, and devoid of sex, gather the harvest and nourish the other inhabitants on digested food. The soldiers carry their own weapons, in the shape of pincerlike mandibles, for defense against the termite's greatest enemy, the ant. The queen, responsible for the whole population, lays on an average an egg a second, and is ruthlessly starved to death directly her output threatens to diminish. For M. Maeterlinck it has a sinister significance that the only perfect insects, possessed of wings, eyes, and sex, swarm at the end of summer with one useless burst into the sunshine and fall wastefully to destruction. The sordid darkness of the termite's existence has affected its biographer, till he sees no future course for humanity but to follow this more advanced relative to the achievement of a perfectly ordered communal life that ends in a vast futility. He admits no progress, no evolution beyond a sheerly utilitarian perfection in a limited field: —

> It is childish to speculate whither things, the worlds, are bound. They are bound nowhere; and they have arrived. . . . There will be nothing more, nothing less, in the material or spiritual universe.

And again: —

> One thing at least is certain — the scheme of nature does not include happiness.

So M. Maeterlinck goes on, in a lilting, rhythmical prose (which Mr. Sutro's translation admirably conveys), leisurely fondling his own conception of a universe that is forever making experiments without profiting by their failure. It is easy to be lulled by his cadences into sharing this mood of pessimistic, meek acceptance. Yet, when the spell of words is broken through, his philosophical musings may appear somewhat vaporous; while the occasional effort to secure a broader and nonhuman view makes his speculations contradictory and muddled. The termite's life is, after all, more striking in its uniqueness than in its human symbolism. Perhaps M. Maeterlinck, knowing this, is only playing with dark fantasies to suit the macabre nature of his subject.

Lay Sermons, by the Countess of Oxford and Asquith. London: Thornton Butterworth, 1927. 7*s*. 6*d*.

[E. V. Knox ('Evoe') in the *Sunday Times*]

I DARE say that some of our essayists are too nice and circumspect, too careful about their logic and syntax and style. (I only said 'I dare say.') Lady Oxford is none of these things.

If I were to criticize her on these grounds, I would ask her — I would, indeed — what the story about Sir William Harcourt giving her a pink ice when she was a little girl has to do with the subject of Fame, or how the thought that if she had been a man she would have liked to be a salmon fisher is really relevant to the theme of Fashion in Dress. I would ask her why, in a book which contains not a few lightning character sketches of politicians, she can have the heart to write, as she does write on page 139: —

'Pascal said, "*Les femmes ont ni goût, ni dégoût*"; and no sensible person would be influenced by the opinion of a woman about a man.'

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For I, alas! *have* been influenced by several of those lightning character sketches, and the retort is only too plain. I would even assert that she treats the construction of the English sentence rather as if the English language were a hunting country than as if it were a garden of flowers.

But lay sermons, perhaps, are not essays. They permit of more discursiveness than essays; and to the reader in search of personality in a writer there is no loss, but rather gain. Lady Oxford shows an impulsive generosity in her view of life; of that there can be no doubt. But how does she manage to retain that impulsive generosity while making these cool, remorseless judgments on men and women and things? I don't know. Yet somehow she does retain it. You cannot fail to believe in the sincerity of these moral apothegms and aspirations amid all this worldly wisdom and these quick thrusts that seem to be dealt alike at foes and friends.

Lady Oxford quotes the Scriptures repeatedly, but it is extraordinary to note how quickly she passes between what is told us by Saint Paul and Saint John and what was told her by her doctor or Lord Balfour or M. Worth. It seems to me that there are more Scriptural quotations in *Lay Sermons* than in most pulpit sermons. But where is the pulpit sermon that will tell you how beautiful the Duchess of Leinster looked when she had to curtsey eleven times — to each of the royal party in turn — because she came late to a Court concert at which Albani sang?

To what a delightful use, again, does not Lady Oxford turn her citations from Holy Writ. For her chapter on Politics, which deals with the attitude of Mr. Lloyd George during the General Strike, her text is taken from the thirty-second chapter of the Book of the Prophet Isaiah (verses 5 and 8).

'The vile person shall be no more called liberal . . . the liberal deviseth liberal things; and by liberal things shall he stand.'

(Slight sensation, one would imagine, among the congregation of the kirk.)

But to turn to those other judgments on living men, for which *Lay Sermons* will be most eagerly sought and read.

'Mr. Winston Churchill is deeply absorbed and seldom satisfied: self-centred but never self-conscious . . . far too forgiving, not kind to himself.'

'Mr. Austen Chamberlain is more loyal to his friends than his convictions.'

'Lord Birkenhead gives himself too much rope, but he will never hang his warm and generous heart. He listens to himself, but his brains — which are of the most remarkable — sometimes go to his head, and he hears confused sounds.'

'Mr. Stanley Baldwin, though perplexed, is unconcerned, and enjoys himself.'

'Sir John Simon has a lonely, uneasy self.'

On these, and on one or two other statesmen, Lady Oxford pronounces judgment (sometimes harsher judgment) with the ease and brevity of a Tacitus. And the sermon ends: —

'If we had enough love, we could do a great deal for one another . . . and I believe that love, and love alone, will change our characters and build the bridge that can span our incommunicable lives.'

I expect this is so. But I find characters very amusing as they are.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

GIRAUDOUX, JEAN. *Eglantine.* Paris: Bernard Grasset, 1927. 12 francs.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Democracy in the Ancient World, by T. R. Glover. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1927.

In the preface to his book Dr. Glover quotes the quip that the essayist and lecturer are concerned with 'the spirit of History emancipated from the bonds of fact,' but it must not be imagined that learning is absent where the Public Orator of Cambridge University is concerned. The first four of the ten chapters in this book were first delivered as lectures in Texas in 1925, and the whole volume has thereby become enlivened and sprightly. The task of omission alone, when the range of time is from the Homeric age to the end of the Republic, would have depressed a less buoyant essayist, but there is literally not a dull page in *Democracy*. The author has lived many years in Canada, and has visited the United States times without number. His knowledge of modern democracies is practical as well as theoretical, and there are many witty and brilliant sentences brought out by comparison of the old with the new democracies. Those who like the essay-lecture will find here the very best of that kind of writing. Some classical background will be very helpful, but its absence will not be an insuperable obstacle to the thorough enjoyment of these clever, stimulating, and often penetrating essays.

Carlyle at His Zenith, by David Alec Wilson. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1927. $5.00.

Mr. Wilson has published the fourth part of his six-volume biography of Carlyle, a massive piece of scholarship from which students, critics, and even many casual readers, may derive profit and pleasure. For in this work the author has sifted all previous biographies, and has corrected Froude, whose familiarity with Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle may have resulted in unintentional bias. Mr. Wilson expects to complete his *magnum opus* by 1929.

This volume treats Carlyle in the fullness of his maturity, taking us up to his early research for the monumental *Frederick the Great.* At this time he came in contact with many of the great men of his time. The synthesis of two great minds in conversation may bring out the strong qualities in each, and this is what we find in Mr. Wilson's treatment of Carlyle's contacts with Landor, Emerson, Coleridge, Tieck, Mazzini, and others. Mr. Wilson possesses a rare gift for biography, combining intelligent condensation with amplitude, sympathetic understanding with dispassionate criticism, ease and interest with minute scholarly accuracy.

Trader Horn. Taken down and edited by Ethelreda Lewis, with a Foreword by John Galsworthy. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1927. $4.00.

John Galsworthy says in his foreword that this is a book that will 'rickle the appetite of the most jaded,' and lest the reader imagine that its original — or shall we say aboriginal? — author and hero is too good to be true, he vouches from a personal meeting for his authenticity. Conceive a blend of the Ancient Mariner and Leatherstocking recounting, with the leisurely garrulousness of old age and the racy vividness of a man who has lived close to nature, his adventures as a youthful trader among cannibals and elephant hunters upon the Ivory Coast before Livingstone and Stanley had torn the first rent in the veil that then covered Africa. Add a background of humorous — in the earlier sense of the word — philosophy and a certain pungency of style skillfully preserved by the old man's literary patroness. Thread the incidents on an unobtrusive strand of romance. The result is a book that is different, that will

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make the tired business man a boy again, that does indeed 'rickle the appetite of the most jaded.' We do not much care whether or not the narrator did occasionally draw the long bow as a senescent memory fondled the experiences of his youth. His story is all the better in the telling, and it has the kind of veracity that sometimes comes nearer truth than a meticulous bookkeeping with facts. We heartily recommend this book to those who will benefit from the mental rest of loitering through three hundred pages of adventure that can never again be duplicated, as a plausible experience, on this little unreticent globe of ours.

Meanwhile, by H. G. Wells. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1927. $2.50.

'THAT great public servant, Mr. H. G. Wells,' as a malicious Tory once called him, uses the General Strike as the background for his latest tract. The first hundred pages, describing the rich young Philip Rylands's house party in Italy, are brilliant: here Wells is at his best, slapping together a characteristic group of English people, among them the author himself, in the character of Mr. Sempack, talking, talking, talking about Progress. But if it is impossible not to enjoy the first hundred pager tremendously, it is just as difficult to plough through the remaining two hundred without boredom. Mrs. Rylands soon turns into one of those British heroines who keep wondering how life can be made 'clean and noble.' Another character puts it this way: 'Meanwhiling. Have I been living? You make me question it. Have I been meanwhiling away my life?'

Mr. Sempack brings Philip and his wife together after she finds him cheating on her with an elongated flapper, and even naughty Mr. Sempack turns Romeo for a moment with a particularly lovely guest. Philip returns to London to keep an eye on his coal interests during the strike, and writes some earnest letters about the incompetence of all parties. In spite of his shrewdness in many other matters, Mr. Wells, like every other British citizen, refuses to see that the English workman is a craven creature, the victim of a century of social injustice. Philip's hardboiled uncle foretells correctly the outcome of the strike; Mr. Sempack gives Philip an earful of Wellsian wisdom; the Italian Fascisti show themselves worse than the British brand; and Mrs. Rylands has a baby. The book ends on a hopeful note, and we are promised a new earth if not a new heaven, run by nice intelligent Rylands and shaped according to Mr. Wells's desire.

The Love-Child, by Edith Olivier. New York: The Viking Press, 1927. $1.50.

WHEN David Garnett wrote *Lady into Fox* he restored the literary *tour de force* to popularity. This book naturally encouraged similar efforts from several other young English writers of marked talent whose only satisfaction seemed to lie in escaping from the life around them. Though they can hardly be blamed for this, it does not follow that the reader should feel it necessary to admire or understand an intrinsically sterile and blind-alley school of fiction. Miss Olivier's book, in spite of its stupid title, falls definitely into this category. With considerable skill and economy, she tells about a bereaved British spinster of thirty-two who wills into real life the imaginary playmate of her childhood. For six years their life together is an idyll that is finally shattered by the adolescent playmate's tragic love-affair. Where Mr. Garnett makes us accept an admittedly impossible situation and then carries it to a logical conclusion, Miss Olivier seldom quite gets her illusion across, and even when and if she does, she fails to create a situation that we can accept as plausible in any sense of the word. Yet she has expended here more literary skill than is lavished on many more successful novels. *The Love-Child* can be commended to the curiosity hunter who appreciates talent working in a void.

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DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

Do the Fascists of the American Legion want to be welcomed in Paris as the assassins of Sacco and Vanzetti? — *Humanité*

* * *

St. John Ervine recently took the *Nation and Athenæum* to task for saying that war between the United States and Great Britain was 'unthinkable.' Because of the increasing number of Americans of non-British descent, he felt that the likelihood of war was greater, and characterized the *Nation* as 'loose and sentimental, and therefore dangerous.' Their reply is illuminating: —

'Our phrase may have seemed sentimental, but our point is cynical realism. We could not contemplate fighting the United States, not merely because all war is a calamity, but because such a war would be fatal to *us*. Whatever the precise balance of naval strength, whether we had a smaller or a much larger cruiser tonnage than the United States, we could not maintain our trade with the American Continent; and imports from the American Continent are essential to us. While we should suffer the most grievous injury from the first days of such a war, an injury which we should be incapable of sustaining indefinitely, we should be unable to inflict any commensurate damage upon the economic life of the United States. This being so — and who can deny it? — we say it is foolish to base our naval preparations on the contingency of a war with the United States.'

* * *

The following quaint verse, described as a 'Nature Poem,' is to be introduced as a 'round' to community singers. Music has been composed by Mr. Maurice Jacobson, and the round will be sung at the open-air meeting of London's Citizen Choir in the churchyard of St. Martin-in-the-Fields: —

What a queer bird the frog are!
When he sit he stand, almost.
When he walk he fly, almost.
When he sing he cry, almost.
He ain't got no sense — hardly, either.
He sit on what he ain't got — almost.

— *Daily Herald*

* * *

I see no prospect of man becoming rational. — *Sir Arthur Keith*

We are told by knowledgeable men that keen Americans are shrewdly watching what they deem to be the critical position of the Mother Country *vis-à-vis* the Dominions, and anticipate the day when Imperial ties will have become so attenuated that it will seem almost natural for the United States to step into the shoes of Great Britain and become the de facto head of the English-speaking race. — *National Review*

* * *

My visit to the wife of the lighthouse keeper who sheltered Byrd and his three compatriots was drawing to a close. I asked the lady: 'Have you seen Byrd and Noville again? Did n't they treat you handsomely?'

She shook her head.

'Naturally we did n't think of asking them for anything. Yet they forgot to send back two of my husband's suits, as well as his shirts and his flannels. Alas, my husband only has that dirty pair of pants he is wearing now.'

'Don't mention it,' interrupted the good man. 'The Americans and ourselves are friends. Between friends you don't ask for things back, do you?' — *Marcel Coulaud in 'Cyrano'*

* * *

Good artists are treated very badly. If one is a good artist and a woman, it is even worse; and if one is a good artist and a good woman, it is, if you will pardon my saying so, absolute hell. There are moments when I long to be a member of the leper colony of Sumatra. These unfortunate people are at least regarded as objects of romantic interest, whereas artists, or at any rate good artists, are not. It is hardly respectable to be good nowadays. — *Edith Sitwell*

* * *

The professional sportsman is a more admirable person than the one who takes his money sideways. — *Suzanne Lenglen*

* * *

There is a deeply rooted idea in the English mind that it is extravagant and wrong to own books. — *H. G. Wells*

* * *

Socialism makes you discontented with your neighbor, while Christianity makes you discontented with yourself. — *Lady Astor*

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